

★ movie

M I R R O R



RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

DECEMBER

10¢

Mae West's Life Story

Greta Garbo
and
John Gilbert
in *Queen Christina*



A FAMOUS CARICATURIST'S CONCEPTION OF

METRO GOLDWYN MAYER'S *New* COMEDY TEAM



MAY ROBSON POLLY MORAN

Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

Charles F. Riesner
Director

Harry Rapf
Associate Producer

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of May Robson and Polly Moran by William Cotton is one of a series of caricatures of M-G-M stars by famous artists

W. COTTON

Now from Warner Bros.' glittering



star-ranks

blazes...



No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The Star Company"... Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every moviegoer in the land as the one picture that *must* be seen this month!

Paul Muni
in
"THE WORLD CHANGES"

ALINE MACMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK

And Thousands of Others — Directed by Mervyn LeRoy — A First National Picture

movie

M I R R O R

Filmland's Smartest Magazine

VOL. 5, NO. 1

Paul Waterbury
Editor

DECEMBER, 1933

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ♦ JERRY ASHER



WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ♦ ART DIRECTOR



Just when it seemed that every great thing that could be written about Garbo had already been said, Garbo herself did her greatest deed. That was bringing John Gilbert back to the screen. Once upon a time she had been in love with him. Now certainly Garbo proved her everlasting friendship for Gilbert. For she knew, as all of Jack's friends knew, that he never could be happy away from acting. She forced the M-G-M officials to give him the rôle opposite her in "Queen Christina," and thereby winning for herself the finest publicity she has ever had. Garbo has one more picture to make under her present contract. She has just bought herself a castle in Dyvik, Sweden. Whether or not she will return to Sweden after the second picture nobody knows. And what lies ahead of Gilbert after "Queen Christina" is also shrouded in uncertainty. But one thing is positive. "Queen Christina" no matter what its plot or direction, will most certainly be one of the most interesting productions of the year. This caricature was done by Paderewski, and the cover portrait was painted by Georgia Warren.

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She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one... The play—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. The lovers—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.



Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", A Paramount Picture directed by Mitchell Leisen.

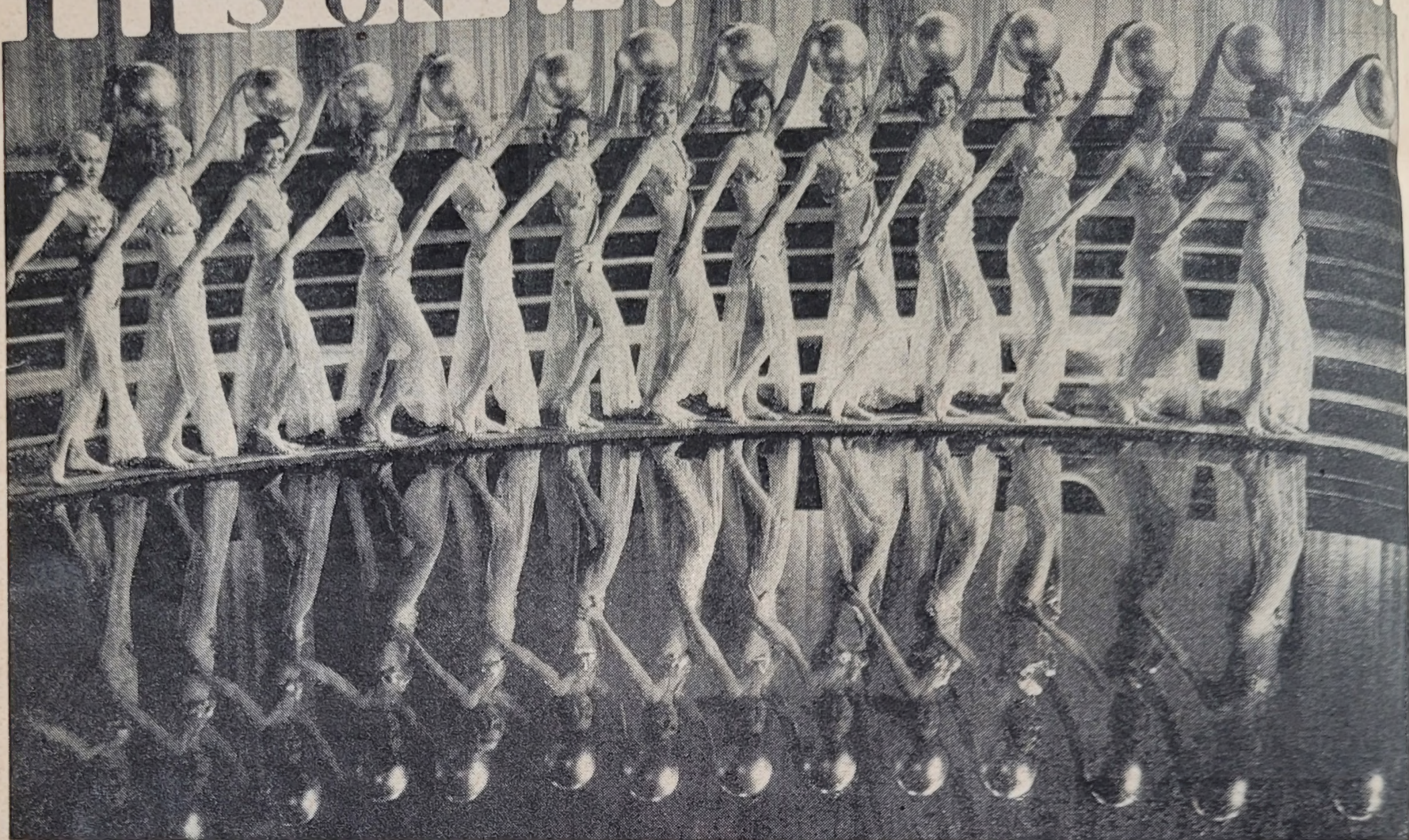


...Vanilla! They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey...with girls and music,

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



TIPS ON TALKIES BY DORA ALBERT



✓✓ Another Language (M-G-M)

There's something real about this picture. You'll feel that the people in it are the kind of people you might conceivably know. It's the story of the conflict between a young woman and her interfering, domineering in-laws, who resent anyone who is not as dull and conventional as they are. Helen Hayes is grand in this rôle, though it doesn't give her very much emoting to do. Robert Montgomery is the rather weak young husband, and he plays his part well, though it is the kind of part that no actor shines in. This picture has some grand dialogue, some fine performances, and is almost a double-check film.

✓ Beauty For Sale (M-G-M)

A typical Faith Baldwin story, told against the background of a beauty parlor. The setting is gorgeous, the story obvious. It's about three girls, and what they do about the men in their lives. Florine McKinney is reckless; Una Merkel is practical and Madge Evans is romantic. Madge falls in love with a married man, and doesn't know what to do about it. The niftiest performance in the picture is given by Alice Brady as a tongue-wagging, poodle-petting, rather dizzy wife. Pretty smooth, too, is Otto Kruger's characterization of the husband.

✓✓ Berkelev Square (Lasky-Fox)

Here is one of the finest and most unusual screen pictures you ever saw. It's not an easy story to understand, because it deals with a lover whose great love transcends time. Born in the twentieth century, he goes back to the eighteenth century to pledge eternal devotion to the girl he loves. The magnificent acting of Leslie Howard makes this picture tremendously effective. There is fine work also by the supporting cast, including Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, and Betty Lawford.

Big Executive (Paramount)

A rather boring, rambling picture about a Wall Street man (Ricardo Cortez) who falls in love with his rival's daughter. The only redeeming thing about the picture is a vigorous performance by Richard Bennett.

✓ Blind Adventure (Radio)

Mystery and comedy well mixed, in the story of the adventures of an American girl caught in a London fog. A burglar comes to her assistance, and since the burglar is played by Roland Young,

you can imagine where the comedy comes in. Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack are the love interest, and very nice, too.

✓✓ Broadway To Hollywood (M-G-M)

For chuckles and laughs and sobs, this is pretty nearly A-1 entertainment. What makes it so is some grand direction and a series of beautiful performances by Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jackie Cooper and Madge Evans. The story is the heart-history of three generations of a theatrical family. It's told with a great deal of gusto and color and poignant emotion.

✓ Bureau of Missing Persons (Warners)

An inside story of the dramas that go on in the missing persons department of the police force. And you can bet that while it's fiction, the background is pretty authentic, for the story was

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

PERSONALLY RECOMMENDED

✓✓ Lady For A Day

Honestly, this is the most satisfying and human picture I've seen in a long time. It has a "different" movie plot, a wow of a performance by May Robson, and it leaves you feeling all warm inside.

Also

- ✓✓ Broadway To Hollywood
- ✓✓ Dinner At Eight
- ✓✓ Morning Glory
- ✓✓ Paddy The Next Best Thing
- ✓✓ Three-Cornered Moon
- ✓✓ Tugboat Annie

If you have a list of personal recommendations for double check pictures, why don't you send them to me, and also the picture you've seen recently which bored you most.

written by Captain Ayers, of the Missing Persons Bureau of New York City. The drama revolves around Pat O'Brien, who plays a hard-boiled detective, Lewis Stone, the head of the bureau, and Bette Davis, a gal hunted for murder. The story has romance, comedy, and drama. Could you ask for more?

Dangerous Crossroads (Columbia)

There's a sameness about Chic Sale's characterizations that makes pictures in which he appears a little monotonous. That's true here. Chic Sale plays a locomotive engineer who shows a gang of newfangled gangsters that he's smarter than they are. Preston Foster, Diane Sinclair and Frank Albertson are in the supporting cast.

✓ Deluge (KBS)

Here indeed is a thrilling idea, to picture what would happen if the world came to an end. The picturization of that idea is magnificently done, starting with a mysterious eclipse and a world-wide earthquake. Then suddenly the whole thing goes flat with a trite story about the adventures of the survivors of the earthquake and the tidal waves that follow it. See the picture anyway for the thrilling stuff at the beginning.

Devil's In Love, The (Fox)

A deadly bore. A young doctor, Victor Jory, is unjustly accused of murder and escapes to a distant corner of the world. Here he's shown doing his stuff against a Foreign Legion background. The rest of the story is concerned with his falling in love with Loretta Young, who turns out to be his best friend's gal. The story is so inane it's a waste of time to see this picture.

✓✓ Dinner At Eight (M-G-M)

Imagine Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Phillips Holmes and Lee Tracy all in one picture. Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow and Billie Burke give the best performances. Jean Harlow is a riot in a rôle which gives her some hot lines to put over—and does she put them over! The story's about a group of people gathered together by hostess Billie Burke for her dinner and about the hidden dramas in the lives of these people.

Faithful Heart (British-made)

Don't ruin your illusions about Herbert Marshall (Continued on page 6)

The stamp of superlative entertainment



WALLACE BEERY, GEORGE RAFT, JACKIE COOPER in "THE BOWERY"

WALTER WINCHELL'S "BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"

SPENCER TRACY and JACK OAKIE in "TROUBLE SHOOTER"

GEORGE ARLISS in "HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

CONSTANCE BENNETT in "MOULIN ROUGE"

GEORGE BANCROFT in "BLOOD MONEY"

LORETTA YOUNG in "BORN TO BE BAD"

LEE TRACY in "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"

ANN HARDING in "GALLANT LADY"

GEORGE ARLISS in "SENTENCED"

"THE GREAT BARNUM"

"I KNEW HER WHEN"

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

by seeing this British-made picture, unless you're simply dying to see him in a picture teamed with his wife, Edna Best. That's about the only excuse for this terrible claptrap about a man, his mistress and his daughter. When British pictures are good, they're very, very good, but when they're bad—well, this is an example.

★ F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)

This is one of those trick scientific ideas, but you can't call it a good movie. Leslie Fenton plays a young engineer who builds a floating island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Added to this, there's a tepid love plot, with Jill Esmond as the girl.

★ ✓✓✓Headline Shooters (Radio)

Here, at last, is a picture which glorifies the hazardous work of the newsreel photographers. It's noteworthy for its thrilling shots of actual catastrophes. Apart from the thrill shots, it would be just another love story of two men in love with the same girl—Ralph Bellamy and Bill Gargan both courting Frances Dee. But the work of newsreel cameramen has been exploited so little that this picture is worth seeing.

★ ✓✓Her Bodyguard (Paramount)

A better-than-you'd-expect program picture, with Wynne Gibson, Eddie Lowe and Johnny Hines turning on a show that'll give you plenty of entertainment. As a musical comedy star who hires a bodyguard to protect her from the advances of the producer and backer of the show, Wynne Gibson proves that she has what it takes.

★ ✓✓Her First Mate (Universal)

What that team of Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts can do with a laugh-idea you already know, or should know. Here they're grand, against a sort of nautical background. Slim is the last of a line of sea-captains; Zasu plays his wife. Slim gets tangled up with some rum-runners, and Zasu extricates him from the mess. With the help of Una Merkel, a swell comedienne herself, this great pair gets plenty of laughs.

★ It's Great To Be Alive (Fox)

The plot of this one is supposed to be sure-fire. It deals with what happens when only one man is left in the world, after all the others have been killed off by some kind of scourge. Raul Roulien, Gloria Stuart and Edna May Oliver work hard to put this one over, but it doesn't click. Instead of being funny, it's just silly.

★ ✓✓✓Lady For A Day (Columbia)

Some call this hokum, but just the same it will get you. It's a marvelous story of a mother's sacrifice with May Robson (and there's an actress for you) giving it the works. Also watch Jean Parker, the high school girl whose dramatic ability is the talk of Hollywood. This picture gives you everything, from laughs to tears. And when at the end you smile through your tears, you'll love it.

★ Last Trail, The (Fox)

If you're a dyed-in-the-wool western fan, here's another wild west thriller to feast your eyes on. This time it's a gang of cattle crooks who are foiled by the arrival of the hero. George O'Brien does the heroics nicely. But if you don't like Westerns, gosh, how this sort of stuff bores you!

★ ✓✓Mama Loves Papa (Paramount)

A laugh fest, thanks to Charlie Ruggles' grand clowning and some pretty good work by Mary Boland as his dumb cluck of a wife. The story's about a meek little fellow who's made playground commissioner because a big political boss wants to use him as a tool. You'll watch with glee as Charlie Ruggles, as the meek little fool, upsets the big boss's applecart.

★ Man of the Forest (Paramount)

A combination of laugh film with a western thriller. With the usual wild west plot about disputed water rights, with the usual villains, and with a cast that includes Randolph Scott, panther girl Verna Hillie and lion man Buster Crabbe, it's fair entertainment for western-movie lovers.

★ ✓✓Man Who Dared, The (Fox)

Preston Foster and Zita Johann give two surprisingly good performances in this story of the career of the late Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago, who was killed by a bullet intended for President Roosevelt. If you like biographical stories, this one will entertain and thrill you. It's a good picture, though not a great one.

(Continued from page 4)

✓✓✓Mary Stevens, M.D. (Warners)

Has Glenda Farrell ever been cast in a picture yet that she didn't walk off with? She walks off with this one in her rôle as a wise-cracking nurse, stealing the picture from Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot, although Kay Francis is grand in the latter half of the picture. The first half of the picture doesn't mean a thing to the story, and it isn't till the picture has gone on for quite a while that it really begins to gather speed. The story's a bit complicated, dealing with two doctors, a man and a woman, and their different careers and ambitions.

★ ✓✓✓Morning Glory (Radio)

You admirers of Katharine Hepburn, take a slant at this. If you've raved about Katharine before, what will you say now! She seemed so glamorous, so sophisticated, so modern, that you never dreamed she could put over a rôle like this. This time she plays a young, naive, stage struck girl who comes to New York in search of fame and glory. Adolphe Menjou, Doug, Jr., and other brilliant troupers are in the cast, but you'll hardly know they're alive. "Morning Glory" is all Hepburn, and it is the most amazing performance she has given.

★ ✓✓Myrt and Marge (Universal)

A backstage musical comedy, with Myrt and Marge, the radio favorites, doing their stuff. If you're looking for comedy entertainment, this is plenty satisfying, though it isn't another "42nd Street" or "Gold Diggers." You'll laugh with Ted Healy, Trixie Friganza and the rest of the comedy cast.



Lots of letters are coming in on this little picture stealer, Pert Kelton. Watch for her in "The Bowery." She's swell

✓✓Night Flight (M-G-M)

The cast of this almost outshines the story. Not that the story isn't full of excitement and thrills, but when such actors as Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, and John and Lionel Barrymore and such actresses as Helen Hayes and Myrna Loy are advertised, you want to see them in big parts. When you see a marvelous actor wasted on a bit, you rebel somewhat, and that's what happens here. The story? The sacrifices that are made so that the mail may go through over the South American Andes. The love interest in this picture is down to the minimum, and the flying scenes are played up. The suspense is beautifully worked out.

★ ✓✓No Marriage Ties (Radio)

Every once in a while Richard Dix appears in a picture that startles those who thought that he was just about on his last legs on the screen. This is one of those. It's a sparkling, rollicking story of a drinking newspaperman who gets fired, only to become a big-shot advertising man. The picture deals with his love-life, too. Dix fairly romps through this rôle, with the help of lovely Elizabeth Allan, screen newcomer, and Doris Kenyon.

★ ✓✓One Sunday Afternoon (Paramount)

The story of Biff Grimes (Gary Cooper) who was in love with a girl (Fay Wray) and lost her to a rival back in the golden '90's. On the rebound he marries another girl, Frances Fuller, but through the years he plans revenge on his rival. Then one day he gets a chance for that revenge and discovers—well, see the picture for

yourself. The most delightful part of the picture is the screening of the scenes showing the courting manners of the good old days. The park flirtation scene especially is a wow. The watch that girl, Frances Fuller, who plays Gary's wife. She's a comer, and how!

★ One Year Later (Allied)

Mary Brian, Don Dillaway and Russell Hopton in a story about what happens in the year between a couple's honeymoon and the husband's journey toward the electric chair. The story is a bit lurid and the melodrama is piled on almost too thick, but it's so fast moving that you may enjoy it anyway.

★ ✓✓✓Paddy, The Next Best Thing (Fox)

If you like Janet Gaynor (and sometimes it seems as if the whole world does), you'll grant that this is her best picture since "Delicious" and the kind of thing she should be playing in. Janet Gaynor played the Sally Eilers type of picture in "The First Year" and the Lillian Harvey type of picture in "Adorable," so it's a relief to see her playing Janet Gaynor again. She's the adorable, mischievous younger sister of a girl who agrees to marry Warner Baxter because her father's in debt. Janet does everything she can think of to stop that marriage, and succeeds. This charming story is set in Ireland, and Janet makes a winsome Irish lassie.

★ ✓✓Penthouse (M-G-M)

A murder-and-romance drama, with Warner Baxter playing a likable lawyer chap whose upper-crust friends shun him because he has saved a lot of gangsters from the chair. When one of these society friends is accused of murdering a girl and all the evidence is against him, Warner Baxter steps in to save him. Myrna Loy, playing a girl who has a lot of friends in the underworld, helps him. Between the two of them, they give you a pretty zippy picture.

★ ✓✓Power and the Glory (Lasky-Fox)

You'll either think this picture a great experience or else just a hash. That's because it isn't told in consecutive fashion, but begins at the end of the story, with the death of the main character, and then flashes back to the beginning of that story. But what powerful drama the picture packs! Spencer Tracy turns in a performance you won't easily forget. He portrays a man who rises to great power, and whose power and success bring him the greatest tragedy of his life. Colleen Moore makes her comeback here. Some will hail her as great; others will be disappointed in the new and subdued Colleen Moore.

★ ✓✓Rafter Romance (Radio)

Well, well, well, here at last young love gets its innings. After their nice team-work in "Professional Sweetheart," it was inevitable that Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster be teamed again. This is a human, laugh-laden story about two youngsters who have so little money they can't pay their rent. Their landlord makes them share the attic. The boy works nights, the girl works days, so for a long time they don't meet. When they do—well, of course, young love is triumphant.

★ Shanghai Madness (Fox)

A melodrama set against a Chinese background. It's about a heroic young American navy officer (Spencer Tracy) who gets in terribly wrong because he takes regulations into his own hands to fight communists. Then the story tells how he gets in right again and wins the girl (of course there's a girl—this time she's Fay Wray). If you're looking for melodramatic thrills, and don't care whether the story that supplies them is logical or not, this is your meat.

★ ✓✓Song of Songs (Paramount)

A good picture though not a great one, with Marlene Dietrich giving a marvelous performance in a rôle that is a complete departure for her. At the beginning of the picture she actually plays a naive country girl, and does a remarkable job of it. Brian Aherne is grand in some of the scenes, stiff and wooden in others. The story's about a girl who poses for a sculptor and falls madly in love with him. He deserts her, so that a rich and middle-aged baron can marry her. Some people will be mad about this picture; others will be bored to death.

★ ✓✓Storm At Daybreak (M-G-M)

Beautifully framed, smartly screened, elaborately produced, this is really a familiar plot dressed

up to kill. It's the old eternal triangle story, set this time against a background of the World War in Austria-Hungary. But clever performances by Kay Francis, Nils Asther, Phillips Holmes and Walter Huston, some grand dialogue and the swell photography combine to make it a far more gripping screen tale than you'd expect.

☆

✓ **Stranger's Return, The (M-G-M)**

If you're looking for a picture with a hey-nony-nony and a hot-cha-cha, be warned! This, by a long shot, isn't it. But if it's grand acting you care about, you'll find it here in the splendid performances of Miriam Hopkins and Lionel Barrymore. The picture is very quiet and lacks story punch, dealing as it does with life and love on a farm in the mid-west. What it lacks in punch it makes up in fine character-acting.

☆

✓✓ **This Day and Age (Paramount)**

What a grand showman Cecil B. DeMille is! He proves it again in this, which will leave you cheering and applauding. It's a typical DeMille plot, full of spectacle-scenes and mob stuff. A group of today's youngsters, tired of the law's dilly-dallying, take the law into their own hands and torture a gangster into confession. The picture sweeps you into a sort of frenzied hysteria, and you'll love the excitement of it.

☆

✓✓ **Three-Cornered Moon (Paramount)**

The goofiest, nuttiest, sweetest comedy of the season. It's about the Rimplegars of Brooklyn—and what a family they are! The mother's a dumb cluck, the daughter's in love with a writer who never earns a penny, and one of the sons goes around the house eternally rehearsing some part for a Little Theatre. As the dizzy mother Mary Boland steals the picture—and that in spite of some real competition from Claudette Colbert, Lyda Roberti, Dick Arlen, Wally Ford, Tom Brown, and the rest of the grand cast.

☆

✓ **Torch Singer (Paramount)**

A nice juicy orgy of sentimentality, with Claudette (beautiful figure) Colbert giving it what it takes. The picture's the sob story of a torch singer who has a child out of wedlock and signs her own baby away because she can't support it. And then, too late, comes fame. But, of course, there's a happy ending. Claudette is supported by such troupers as Ricardo Cortez, David Manners and Charles Grapewin. Then, too, there's that marvelous Baby LeRoy.

☆

✓ **Trail Drive, The (Universal)**

A typical Ken Maynard Western, in which Ken turns the tables on the villains, and wins the girl, Cecelia Parker. There are also some interpolations of cowboy music, fine for those who like it. Otherwise this is just a routine Western.

☆

✓✓ **Tugboat Annie (M-G-M)**

Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler (bless 'em both) in one of those adroit stories that are a mixture of comedy and tears. I won't pretend that this is as good a picture as "Min and Bill," but it's still way ahead of most pictures you'll be seeing. The story tells of Tugboat Annie, a grand old woman tugboat captain devoted to a good-for-nothing souse of a husband, and how at the end the good-for-nothing souse makes a great sacrifice for his son. Robert Young and Maureen O'Sullivan supply the young love interest, but, of course, it's Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler who'll make you feel all warm inside.

☆

✓ **Turn Back the Clock (M-G-M)**

I've heard this called everything from the best picture Lee Tracy ever made to the worst. Personally I think it's good entertainment, but I've liked Lee better in other pictures. This has an amusing idea—what would happen if we could live our lives over again. That's what Lee Tracy is wishing when this picture happens. So his wish comes true, he lives his life over again, starting back in 1910. Knowing all the time what the future will bring, he has a swell time trying to convince other people of it. There's a splendid supporting cast, but Lee Tracy, as usual, is the whole show.

☆

✓✓ **Voltaire (Warners)**

Remember "Disraeli"? Well, here's George Arliss back again, playing an important historical figure in the way that only he can play it, making the man human, crotchety, lovable. Whether you ordinarily like historical pictures or not, you oughtn't to miss George Arliss's grand performance in this. Alan Mowbray and Reginald Owen turn in neat characterizations in minor rôles.



Watch for this face as you'll be seeing a lot of it. It's Blossom Seeley, who is being called the big picture-stealer of the year. She was having very sour breaks until she was cast in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" after Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Lilyan Tashman had refused the same part. Blossom was so swell that they immediately had her sign a nice fat contract. And Daryl Zanuck, head of the Twentieth Century Company, predicts great things for her



Wouldn't this be pretty keen to find under your tree on Christmas morning? She's Betty Furness, RKO's little wonder girl, coming up rapidly thank you

mance is Frigidaire . . . our spies report that Franchot calls Joan's set 'steen times a day stop . . . Herr Hitler can huff and puff and try to blow her house down but Dorothea (Fatherland favorite) Wieck won't be seeing Germany very soon . . . Paramount has renewed her option . . . they say her rushes on "Cradle Song" are that swell stop . . . the Clara (tobacco) Bow-Rex (cowboy) Bell spat was a lot of smoke and no fire . . . just an argument whether a stray dog should stay in the house or outside . . . they compromised on the kitchen . . . both Clara and Rex think they won the argument . . . and Clara snorts flame if asked if she is REALLY romantically inclined toward Richard (very youthful) Cromwell, her leading man stop.

Hollywood will miss Peg Talmadge, mother of the famous stellar sisters . . . Peg went to her last resting place wearing a jade pin that Constance had given her . . . a rosary of Natalie's placed in her hand . . . and in the casket was the first money Norma ever earned . . . it had been Peg's most cherished keepsake for years . . . hail and farewell to one of Hollywood's most beloved women stop . . . Mae (naughty but nice) West always has an answer . . . an interviewer asked her why men are so interested in women with pasts . . . "because," drawled La West, "they hope history will repeat itself" . . . and ain't it the truth, dearie exclamation mark . . . well, anyway, SOME people in Hollywood can keep a secret . . . getting so you really don't belong socially out here unless you go into

hot news

by MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD: Last Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press: It finally happened . . . The saddest news of the month is that little Renee Adoree, the unforgettable heroine of "The Big Parade," has finally died of tuberculosis in a sanitarium at Sunland, California . . . She was thirty-one years old . . . for three years she put up a game fight against this disease . . . early last summer she came back to Hollywood hoping she was cured . . . but she loved life too much to really rest . . . she could not resist the parties and laughter after having been away for so long . . . and very soon she was ill again and her closest friends feared it would be the end . . . All Hollywood mourns for her . . . Gary (big boy) Cooper was seated right smack next to Lupe (hot Tamale) Velez at the Friday night prizefights . . . but Gary was with Sandra Shaw and Lupe was with (guess whom?) Johnny Weissmuller . . . Lupe-the-Loop promptly turned her back on Gary and showed just how MUCH she loved her Johnny . . . Gary looked as embarrassed as the guy that wandered into the turkish bath on ladies' night . . . and while we're rattling, Johnny's divorce becomes final before you read this . . . the folks are expecting to hear Lohengrin at any time now . . . "I have every intention of marrying Lupe if she will have me," says Kid Tarzan . . . but Lupe she don't say nothin' stop . . . don't believe for one moment that the Joan (those orbs) Crawford-Franchot (subtle) Tone ro-

Lola Lane has a new hair-do (described on page 73) and a new beau too. In fact, this was the last picture caught of her with Lyle Talbot, till recently her leading escort



bankruptcy . . . latest are Esther (so blonde) Ralston, Dorothy (Wally's widow) Reid, and Jeanie Macpherson . . . once the most famous screen writer . . . the Macpherson petition listed debts of more than \$32,000 and assets of only \$343 . . . and a once famous male star is borrowing anything he can get from his friends these days . . . seems Hollywood gold is not an endless stream after all . . . but isn't that the way it goes sigh and exclamation mark.

It looked for a while as if there would be Civil War on the Paramount lot . . . all because Marlene (gone sissy with skirts) Dietrich supposedly told a reporter that she had never heard of Mae West . . . Mae was ready to put the gipsy curse on Marlene . . . but the German sex appeal said she was misquoted . . . she really said she hadn't heard of Mae West FASHIONS . . . but did Mae do a burn-up flock of exclamation marks . . . the stork has a date with Billie (so gawgeous) Dove come springtide . . . Billie is happily married to a non-professional and doesn't give a darn about moonpitchers anymore stop . . . a group of nuns were having their initial glimpse of a studio . . . the first set they were taken to was Constance (hoity-toity) Bennett's "Moulin Rouge" . . . a snappy leg show was in progress . . . Connie almost DIED but the nuns carried it off with considerable aplomb stop again . . . Gloria (ex-Marquise) Swanson will portray the vivid life of Sarah Bernhardt in "The Divine Sarah" . . . does the idea appeal question mark . . . and ever since Fifi (naughty eyes) D'Orsay announced her engagement to a Chicago doctor a gagster has been surreptitiously placing an apple in her dressing room every day stop . . . Katharine (doing a Garbo?) Hepburn wouldn't be photographed at the Tennis Tournaments . . . keeping her face covered whenever a camera turned her way . . . so, just for spite, the camera boys stayed in front of her box all afternoon . . . Katie didn't see ONE set . . . and the lowdown is that the spectacular Hepburn gal played an extra one day in "Queen Christina" . . . just wanted a close-up of the Great Garbo . . . wonder if Garbo knew . . . and what she thought stop.

Now that the Countess di Frasso is being seen with Cary Grant, Gary Cooper is being seen with Sandra Shaw. The other gentleman is Gavin Gordon and they're at the Beverly-Wilshire opening



Their girl friends didn't know it . . . but the reason two screen heroes hurried them home from the Colony Club was because they wanted to return and take Peggy Hopkins Joyce to HER doorstep stop . . . Marlene Dietrich returned to town just in time to greet the new earthquake . . . she made it out of her hotel suite in nothing flat . . . and draped in a fur coat and not much else stop . . . Dorothy (used to be in films) Dunbar is getting a Mexican divorce from

One happy married pair and one pair about to be married and they hope happily—George Barnes and Joan Blondell, who are Mr. and Mrs., and Myrna Kennedy and Busby Berkeley, who are engaged

Monroe Owsley is dating Vivian Tobin and Genevieve Tobin is oh, so much that way about Felix Chappellet that all Hollywood expects the wedding announcement any day now



Max (prizefighter) Baer . . . it's whispered that if the divorce had been secured in Hollywood there would be a swell, new topic of conversation . . . and Max threatened



Yes, they're still going together, except when she's going with some one else —Dick Powell and Mary Brian at an opening

room were Gary Cooper with Sandra Shaw, Lupe Velez with Johnny Weissmuller, and Bobbe Arnst and a new boy friend . . . ice froze right on top of the pop bottles stop . . . Texas (hello, sucker) Guinan was telling about the old days when she made two hundred westerns . . . someone asked how they ever found that many stories . . . "Oh, we always used the same story," warbled Tex, "we just changed horses" . . . leave it to Tex exclamation mark . . . did you know that Joel (Adonis, Jr.) McCrea and Frances (cheap interest) Dee refused to make personal appearances in San Francisco unless RKO agreed to soft-pedal their romance . . . here's one heavy romance that will not be used for ballyhoo purposes if they can help it stop . . . Fox will film "The Flight of the Swan" . . . the story of the late Anna Pavlowa . . . now all they have to find is a girl who can both act and dance stop . . . Sally (bride

if his wife got the divorce he would marry Peggy Hopkins Joyce . . . so what lifted eyebrows AND question mark . . . seems to be a year for fantasy . . . first "Alice in Wonderland" and now Goldwyn announces "The Wizard of Oz" . . . the studio would like to have W. C. Fields for the Wizard and Helen (White Sister) Hayes as Dorothy . . . but Helen does not return to Hollywood for months and months . . . she's doing things about the stage stop . . . how's your blood pressure . . . there's to be a sequel to "The Red Headed Woman" . . . with Jean (110 in the shade) Harlow doing the hot stuff again . . . sequel will be "The Red Headed Woman in Paris" . . . it will be filmed when the weather really gets cooler stop . . . here's a party we want to attend (dressed in a suit of armor) . . . Edgar Allen Woolf will give a "Feudists Party" . . . people who hate each other are invited to come and settle their difficulties with kisses or with shotguns . . . he's considering asking Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Lilyan Tashman, Hedda Hopper, John Gilbert, Charles Chaplin and James Tully . . . heaven help a pacifist on a night like that exclamation mark . . . a press dispatch says James (rough stuff) Cagney is learning jiu-jitsu . . . won't that be nice for his leading ladies question mark.

Fan Mail department at Paramount waltzes forth with the stop-press news that Mae (c'mup) West receives twenty-five proposals of marriage daily . . . offers come from males between the ages of seventeen and seventy . . . and Boris (bogey man) Karloff will scare you next in "A Trip To Mars" stop . . . Creighton (Lon's son) Chaney has been signed to star in three Monogram features . . . first is "Thirteen Fathoms Deep" and Sally (pert) O'Neil will co-star in this stop . . . Estelle (dusky) Taylor and Roland (director) Brown are expected to step off at any time now . . . and Lola (Lew's ex) Lane will wed Al (another director) Hall in January when her divorce becomes final . . . all sounds like the New Deal in matrimony has really struck Hollywood stop . . . GOLLY . . . all in one evening at the Hotel Miramar supper



Will Rogers sitting next to Walt Disney, of Mickey Mouse fame, at dinner in Walt's honor

Look who turned up at the tennis matches together! Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. Incidentally—all photos on Hot News pages except Betty Furness' are by our Hyman Fink

Eilers found her dressing room locked and her name off the Fox payroll . . . all because she refused to act in "Sally and Jimmy" . . . they do say Sally would be so happ-ee if she could side-step that contract stop.

That Chicago Fair Fan Dance has



arrived in Hollywood . . . on a sixteen millimeter film . . . it's much in demand at parties . . . for very PRIVATE parties stop . . . since Max (Livermore butcher boy) Baer crashed the Garbo set and chatted with Greta he has received exactly 3800 letters and telegrams from her fans . . . every conceivable question was asked . . . now did someone say Greta was slipping question mark . . . Mae West is writing a book on "How To Misbehave" . . . no comment seems necessary stop . . . Oliver (fat boy) Hardy has kissed and made up with his missus . . . their marital disagreements have helped fill newspaper columns for nigh on to four years now stop . . . Jetta (exotic) Goudal returns to the leaping tintypes as the diva in "Fog" . . . Jetta has been doing right smart lately with her interior decorating business . . . and Alice White and Cy Bartlett are talking matrimony once again stop . . . the cardinal sin at any studio is taking an outsider on the process stage where "trick" shots are made . . . and Will (commenter) Rogers escorted one hundred English seamen right into the holy of holies . . . old employees dropped dead from shock but, shucks, it didn't bother Will any stop . . . two famous women met for the first time t'other night . . . Mary (sweetheart) Pickford was introduced to Mae (patootie) West . . . and WERE those gals interested in one another exclamation mark . . . William (suave) Powell and Margaret ("Cavalcade") Lindsay have been out a-stepping . . . and Carole (energetic) Lombard has been sorta dividing her time between Gary (he gets around) Cooper and Russ (crooning Romeo) Columbo . . . and Russ wears the BLUEST blue shirts Hollywood has ever seen stop . . . RKO would like to get the name of Enrico Caruso, Jr., on the dotted line stop.

The welcome sign on the Paramount doormat is being scoured for Sylvia (walkout) Sidney . . . all will be forgiven if she will consent to making a financial settlement for taking French leave (no pun intended)

Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall return in fine health and spirits from Honolulu where they have been making a picture together



Bob Montgomery and Charlie Farrell take a back seat, and love it, to Fred Perry, the tennis star

on the Maurice Chevalier picture stop . . . the Mdivani boys are still keeping the cinemaniacs entertained . . . and Mary (grand opry) McCormick says Prince Serge is the "world's greatest

gigolo" . . . well, there's something in being the world's GREATEST, anyhow-de-ho stop . . . Baby Leroy disgraced himself COMPLETELY the other day when some pretty girls were taking turns holding him stop . . . the W. S. (director) Van Dyke swimming party was a riot . . . everyone got ducked BEFORE they had time to put on their ducking clothes . . . ah, these Hollywood orgies exclamation mark . . . Grace (grand opera) Moore returns to the screen in a Columbia musical . . . the tunes will be by Friml . . . and that's something exclamation mark some more . . . Charlie (old shoes) Chaplin plays a factory hand in a big American city in his forthcoming comedy . . . and in these advanced days of sound Charlie is building new SILENT stages at his studio . . . that's all hooey about Charlie abandoning his moustache just because Hitler has one like it . . . Charles Spencer would as soon part with an arm . . . and our own Hyman Fink was photographing Chaplin at the Beverly-Wilshire when the earthquake came along . . . the comedian immediately flopped right on his back and said . . . "it's the safest way" stop . . . no more pictures for Joan Bennett until after that "blessed event" . . . and that's all for this month stop.

Adrienne Ames on her way to Reno and marital freedom. You'll find a description of her costume in the fashion article on Page 42



MARLENE

the Magnificent



A Great
Woman as
Seen by a Great
Writer + + +

THYRA
SAMTER
WINSLOW

MARLENE DIETRICH seems to me one of the most provocative—and one of the most understandable people I have ever met. Lonely. Sad. And yet curiously detached and free.

Usually I shy away from celebrities. Too often I've admired an artist or a writer or an actor. And then I've met a pompous turkey-cock, a self-centered museum piece, a ridiculous creature puffed out of shape by fame. It has been hard to forget the creator and go back to an objective admiration of the creations. I'd about decided to spare my feelings and stay at home.

So, because I admire Marlene Dietrich on the screen with the enthusiasm of a rabid movie fan, I rather dreaded meeting her. I'd heard she was difficult to talk to. Still, why not take a chance, I said to myself. What if she does turn out to be just another ham?

I met a tall, cool girl with lovely eyes and an understanding smile. And with a beauty beyond grease-paint and lip-salve. A slim girl in gray, with a tender, vibrant voice. A girl who is sad most of the time. In spite of stardom, in spite of the things that would make most women happy. Not a sadness of little things. A deep melancholy that either you feel yourself or you don't know what it is about at all.

She said: "I am always sad when I wake up in the morning. It takes hours for me to feel more cheerful. Maybe that is why I do not care for sports—for games. Sport is for happy people. It does not make you happy. It is for people who are happy already."

And I, who hate anything more active than eating and

walk only when there are things that can't be seen any other way, felt those words were entirely comprehensible. Though laziness, I'm afraid, is mixed in with my hate of sports.

"Last summer I tried riding a surf-board," Marlene said. "By some accident I was able to keep standing on the board. The wind was in my face. And the sun. I looked at the others with me. Happy people. They laughed with me. And applauded when I stayed on the surf-board."

"And suddenly I felt no longer young and gay—like a débutante. I said to myself: 'What am I doing here? This person, riding like this—this is not I! It was over. I couldn't ride any more.'"

She dislikes card playing. A silly game! She parodied folks dealing and picking up cards. And making faces as they take the bits of cardboard so seriously. As card-playing is one of my minor *bêtes noires*, I understood that phase of Marlene.

Marlene does not like most crowds. Friendly crowds she does enjoy, occasionally, when she is sure they are friendly. Usually she feels that crowds hold only curiosity seekers who are cruel.

"People come to the stations when I go through on the train and peer at me and ask for my autograph," she said. "Not because I am I, but because they know my name. Tomorrow they will be at the stations to see someone else. Those are not the people who like to see me in pictures!"

She does not like parties. She thinks most of them are silly. People huddling together because they are not complete in themselves. I like crowds and people, but I admit

that, psychologically, there may be something on Marlene Dietrich's side. She likes to be with one person—or two. She does not need people outside of her own household.

What does she like, then?

Her family most of all. Her husband, whom she married when she was very young, before either of them had any ideas about fame. Her little girl, Maria, whom she adores. Her mother, to whom she writes nearly every day. Her servants.

Last year Marlene brought two maids to America with her. One of them got married. This year a new one came over to take her place. Marlene is interested in these girls. Their little worries. Their love affairs. They are part of her family. Important to her.

Her work comes next. She is happiest when she is working. Then she forgets things that make her sad.

Marlene knows what she owes to Josef von Sternberg. She has no illusions about that. She is not an unconscious Trilby who has been brought to perfection by a cruel Svengali. She is keen enough and shrewd enough to know that her success is due to what von Sternberg saw in her and made her on the screen.

She said: "I like all of my pictures excepting the last one—the only one Mr. von Sternberg did not direct. If 'The Song of Songs' is a success it is an accident. It is in my contract that I am to work in the future only when Mr. von Sternberg directs me."

She doesn't talk over her work with Mr. von Sternberg ahead of time, she said. She knows the story. That is all. When the time comes to make a scene, he tells her what to do. Visualizing and feeling the character, she does what she is told. She is a quick study—learns her lines at rehearsals.

Music comes after her family and her work. Once Marlene practiced the violin every day, dreamed of being a musician. Then she hurt her hand. When she found she couldn't be a really good violinist, she gave up the violin altogether. She doesn't like to do things she can't do well.

She plays the piano now. Every day. For hours at a time when she isn't working. And in a lot of her spare time when she comes home from the studio.

Music is important to her. Last summer her happiest days were spent in Salzburg. And the best moment



At left the new Dietrich as she returned to Hollywood, photographed on the day of her arrival by Movie Mirror's staff photographer, Hyman Fink, and at right is Thyra Samter Winslow, who wrote this delightful interview. Miss Winslow is the world famous author of "Picture Frames," "Show Business" and other stories



in her whole summer was when she first heard Strauss' "The Woman Without a Shadow." Besides Strauss, she likes Debussy and Revel—all of the rest of the moderns. The classics, too. And American jazz!

She said: "At home my mother doesn't understand how I can listen to music all day. She throws up her hands in horror because I start the gramophone going in the morning and keep it on for hours at a time. In Europe the radio programs are so poor. Here they are lovely! I turn my radio on in the morning—and keep it on all day. I listen to jazz! I'm conscious of the radio only when I want to be. It drives other people crazy when they come in. I love it!"

She likes Hollywood. Why not? The climate is good and her home is large and comfortable. She is busy and interested in her household.

"It is a large household," she said. To Marlene that means that she must give much of her time to it.

And her work is interesting. Absorbing. She likes to read. Modern German things and books and magazines in English, too. She has her music. And part of her family is with her. She smiles tolerantly at Hollywood parties—at the curious gallimaufry of life that Hollywood has produced. She feels she is not actually a part of it.

The life she really prefers is far different. Vienna is the city she loves best. Austria means more to her than all of the rest of the world.

She said: "There's something about the very air there that is different. Not just more fragrant. More life-giving. More vital. You go through Switzerland. It is a rich country and comfortable—and snug. And then you know, without being told, you actually feel when you come across the border—the Austrian border. Austria is poor. But even the poorest people paint their houses with bright colors. There is a—how do you say?—godmother in gay design. Everywhere there is beauty, (Continued on page 89)

Mae West's LIFE STORY

Beginning the life of a
Brooklyn belle who
turned S-E-X
into S-R-O

By
HARRY
LANG

"**T**H' story of
my life?
H'mm. . . !

Not ALL of it,
y'can't mean. . . ?"

"Uh-huh; ALL
of it," I urged.

Mae West
dropped the lids
over those purple
eyes that had been
regarding me.
Then she looked
away, out of a
nearby window, to
somewhere much
farther off than range
of mere vision. What
she saw there lushed her
lips into that macwestic
smile that says so many
things you can't print.
H'mm. . . " she said again,
then; "well—"

And that's how it began, that afternoon
tête-à-tête wherein Mae was to tell, for the first time, for
you readers of MOVIE MIRROR, the intimate little and big
memories of that amazing personality—that personality that
so suddenly crashed into your awareness when she flashed
across the screen as Lady Lou in "She Done Him Wrong."

Most certainly that's the only way you know her now—as
Lady Lou. Yet that's not Mae West. In this, her own
story of her own life, you'll meet Mae West as her self—
and you'll be surprised. Oh, you won't be surprised to know
that she was the daughter of "Battling Jack" West, hell-
fightin', rip-roaring featherweight boxer of the hectic nine-
ties. But you will be surprised to learn, for instance, that
this prize-ring pug's kid was brought up in a way compar-
able with that of a rich man's daughter—pampered within
an inch of her spoiled young life, even to the detail of pri-
vate tutors to teach her French and German.

As far as possible, this story will be in Mae's own words—
words you'll find strangely reserved and sedate as compared
with the talk of Lady Lou (save for an occasional "hell" and
"damn" that crackles from Mae's lips in the midst of the
most otherwise politely-worded sentence!).

However, for the adequate reason that Mae does nothing
in the strictly conventional and orthodox manner, this story
cannot be a consecutive narration, in her own quotes, of her



life and death.
Because
doesn't tell
like that. As
jumps from
incident to
other, the two
apart in chro-
nology. She
lards her nar-
ration with ex-
planations, philoso-
phical observa-
tions. . .
when she can
to straighten
connective mat-
ter she glides over it
a quick, "Oh, you
find that in the record
look it up and write it
And so here's her story.

"I've always had my own way
(began) ever since I can remem-
ber. Even before I can remember, from
my mother used to tell me. . . .

"I must've learned very early that if I wanted anything,
I mean—all I really had to do was to make
my mind to do it, stick to it, say to myself: 'H'm; it
had!'—and I'd get it.

"I remember a doll. . . ."

"**B**UT," interposed Your Interviewer, about here,
haven't been born yet—that is, as far as this
is concerned."

"H'mm. . . well, as I was saying, I remember a doll
I wanted."

"But, hadn't we better begin with the stork?"

"What stork?" demanded Mae.

"Your birth."

"Oh, that—why, I thought you knew all about that,"
said. "Well, it's no secret. Y'could find it in the record."

"I was born in Brooklyn—in the Bushwick section
don't remember the address, now, but it was a brown-
stone house on the corner—a corner of the same block where
Mayor Hylan once lived. They call Brooklyn 'the City
the Churches' you know. Well, I hardly think that Old
Stork knew that the baby girl he delivered that August
—August 17th, it was, and never mind what year I—
one day overcome that holy environment and become



Big, beautiful, bold and bad.
That's the Mae West technique

exponent—theatrically, that is—of those lusty and careless ladies who've more use for a ham sandwich than they have for virtue!

"And do you know, I've found out that that corner brownstone house where I was born was only two blocks from the

birthplace of Clara Bow. Imagine being born between Mayor Hylan and Clara Bow. Geographically, that is. And in the matter of time, too. . . ! H'mm. . .

"Well, if Lincoln could come back today, he could take you out to—Illinois someplace, (Continued on page 78)

MOVIE MIRROR

CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS

"*R* O M A N C E
FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

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IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LOYD
who directed "Cavalcade"
From the play by John L. Balderston



The Stars wish you



A Merry Christmas

and so does

Movie Mirror



All good wishes
to you on Christmas
MARIE DUNNE

A F
M
G
M
C



Many thanks
Happy
Greta

At this season of the year with everyone feeling so pleasant toward everyone else, Movie Magazine
like personal messages from the stars. So we went to eight of the most important movie personages
select their favorite portrait and write you. On the preceding page is Irene Dunne wishing you
and on this page is winsome little Miss Gaynor



Ramon Novarro signed his picture for you in Spanish before he even realized it! Then he signed it in English, just so everyone would understand, but in any language Christmas Greetings from Ramon are good news. Ramon always starts Christmas day by attending mass and then singing carols, and what lovely holidays the whole Novarro clan does have in this lively Mexican way!

Wishes
Pascuas
Ramon Novarro

Christmas Greetings to you!
Ramon Novarro

A
M
C
O



Joan Crawford
wishes you a
Merry Christmas



Joan Crawford has
portrait from her Things
newest sitting to Business
message to you. More
the new Crawford. It's a
the wise but tender what
and the curving and me
ready to ripple this b
laughter. (And Coope
were as close to could
the camera was ranch
see her golden day b
too.) When Joanie fire, s
anyone Merry C trophy
she means it hunt
whole heart





Things are getting better.
Business is improving.
More people have jobs.
It's a nicer world, and
what could be brighter
and more stimulating than
this broad smile Gary
Cooper gives you all?
And don't you wish you
could be at Gary's new
ranch house on Christmas
day before the crackling
fire, surrounded by the
trophies of Gary's African
hunt—and by Gary him-
self?





Merry Xmas to you and yours!
Gloria Stuart



Lovely Gloria Stuart as fast a rising young starlet as Hollywood now boasts sends you a message from herself at Universal. A very modern young person, she looks you squarely in the eye. Right now her path is a bit lonely. She believes in facing all things truly. She is trying to work out both her career and her marriage satisfactorily. We wish you a Happy New Year, Gloria.



May you all have a
very Merry Christmas
Jimmy Cagney

You can't fool us, Jimmy Cagney, with your new slicker mustache, but you must like yourself this way, since this is the picture you selected for your fans. A very distinctive gentleman, you go your own way in Hollywood, happily, quietly married, living quietly and working noisily and hard. But your pictures bring in the gold at the box-office and that's quite as it should be



What MOTHERHOOD has done for KAREN MORLEY

By ALAN BRUCE

"I WOULD rather be dead than face the life which is the lot of most women," said Karen Morley a year ago. "Of course if I ever fell desperately, head-over-heels in love, it might be different but even in that case mine would have to be a different marriage. I could never see little Karen sweeping, cooking and having babies. Even love would never bring me to that."

A few days ago I saw Karen Morley in the maternity ward of a hospital in Hollywood, where her baby son,

Michael Karoly Vidor, was born. Karen, who used to be cold and self-possessed, was dithering over him like any other hausfrau. Karen, who used to say that she would rather eat worms than devote herself to the raising of commonplace children, was raving about her son like any mother of a new born baby.

And in that lies a story, the real story of Karen Morley. It is the story of a girl who was cold, unhappy, aloof and lonely, who shrank from the common destiny of women and yet who at last has found herself in that destiny.

Karen never used to be very popular in Hollywood, except with a few people who knew her well. The rest found her too critical, too destructive, too much of a lone wolf. Karen herself used to say that people never liked her the first time they met her.

For one thing, Karen was too frank, a virtue that is not particularly appreciated in Hollywood. After she appeared in her first picture with Garbo, she told interviewers exactly what she thought of Garbo. Garbo, she said, had been deliberately rude to her. It was cruel to treat a beginner that way.

No other girl in Hollywood would have dared to criticize in that way. For Karen to say those things could not have hurt Garbo, who was idolized by her fans, but it could have hurt Karen herself.

One day Karen even hurt the feelings of kind-hearted Herr Lubitsch through her frankness, which was like a knife in the face to him. He had given her the story of "Broken Lullaby" to read. She read it. And having read it, she played it mercilessly, criticizing some of the dialogue. She noticed as she spoke to him that he turned as cold as steel but it was too late to go back. Future events justified Karen's criticism, if you consider the failure of "Broken Lullaby" at the box-office, a proof that it fell short somewhere in its values. But whether Karen was right or wrong, she lost a friend through her sharp tongue. She was a little too intelligent for her own good. A little less frankness and a little more consideration might have saved her many hours of misery and loneliness.

And yet Karen was not to blame for the cold, critical attitude she assumed in Hollywood. Everything that happened in her life conspired to make her that way.

She was born Mildred Linton in the small town of Ottumwa, which is in Iowa. She had no great advantages of birth or breeding. But she was a very sensitive child, and she decided that whatever happened to her, she would behave like a lady. When she was very young, about five or six, she took her first long train trip with her grandmother. Underneath she was seething with excitement, but she was

determined not to show it. She did not want to betray her inexperience. As she had never dined on a train, she decided that she would eat something especially nice to eat.

"What will you have, lil' miss?" the steward asked.

All the nice things she had thought of to eat vanished from her mind.

"Baked potato," she said. "Baked"



Two close-ups of Michael Karoly Vidor, taken by his director father, Charles Vidor when Mike had reached the advanced age of nearly four days

potato is so nice to have on trains."

Actually she hated baked potatoes, but she sat and ate her baked potatoes as cheerfully as she could, proud that she had been a lady about it.

That little incident gives you an inkling of how Karen Morley acquired poise, and with it a certain coldness. Whatever her real emotions might have been, she learned to restrain them.

Later, when Karen went to the University of California, she did not make many friends. She had a pretty miserable time of it at college. She didn't have money enough to join a sorority or to wear clothes as exquisite as some of the other girls had. As there were about seven or eight girls to every boy in the college, the competition among the girls to attract the attention of the men was terrific. Karen ignored practically all the boys on the campus and they ignored her. Though she told herself that they were the worst spoiled bunch of conceited males she had ever met, still it does something within a girl's soul to find herself the least popular in a group of girls.

KAREN could undoubtedly have made herself attractive to men if she had wanted to, but she was too honest, too real to stoop to flattering people simply to be popular. All her enthusiasm for college chilled.

As first she had studied science and planned to be a doctor, but stage fever was in her blood, and before very long she left college, where she had been so unhappy, and joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where she did everything from painting backdrops to playing leading rôles. Here she succeeded in attracting the attention of an agent who took her to the M-G-M Studios just at the time when they needed a girl to voice-double for Greta Garbo in a test scene with Robert Montgomery. When Director Clarence Brown heard her voice, he insisted upon interviewing Karen. In that way she got the rôle of the suicide in "Inspiration."

Up until that time Karen had been enthusiastic about her career. But shortly afterwards something happened (*Continued on page 84*)

Long months awaiting the birth of her son have brought new understanding to the rebel heart of Karen Morley as she reveals in this exclusive and very human story



Inside Stuff

by



Peter Abbott

MAY these few words set at rest the rumor that Dorothy Jordan has gone high chapeau since becoming Mrs. Merian C. Cooper. A member of the publicity department, that used to pose Dorothy exposing the Jordan limbs, passed the luxurious Cooper limousine. Dorothy, smothered in furs, was riding in the back seat. Not only did she let out an undignified shriek at the sight of her former compatriot, but she almost fell out of the window, waving a big hello.

Out from Hollywood, they have Goebel's lion farm. This is where all the movie lions are trained to be nice and courteous, when out in company. Most of the "cats" are named after famous celebrities. And one named Norma Shearer, recently received an autographed photograph from her namesake.

The big tank was being prepared for a swimming scene in "Dancing Lady." Dozens of tiny frogs suddenly found themselves minus their summer home. Just as they were ready to take the scene, Director Robert Leonard spied one lone inmate still enjoying the luxury of the fresh water. "Get him out quick or Joan Crawford will never go in," shouted Bob.

Three prop men ran around the edge of the pool for thirty minutes, before they landed their prize in a butterfly net.

"What's taking so long?" asked Joan, coming out of her portable dressing room.

"We were held up trying to get a baby frog out of the water," answered the director.

"But I love baby frogs," exclaimed Joan, "throw him back in again."



Ivan Lebedeff and William Powell are properly impressed when the man mountain, Primo Carnera, grabs them by the arm

Harold Lloyd scooped the town when he got Fred Perry, tennis champion of the world, in his box at the tennis matches



This happened in the doorway leading into one of Hollywood's most exclusive apartment houses. But it might have happened in the play yard of any small town in the United States. Two little girls were all dressed up in trailing gowns, flopping shoes and big hats, playing movie star.

"I'm Joan Crawford," said the first little girl.

"You can't be Joan," answered the second, "You haven't got a gardenia."

Even blasé Hollywood is still capable of being shocked. Bette Davis devised a plan whereby she could once and for all stop the rumors that she and her brand new husband were making faces at each other. It was the night of a Warner Bros. premiere. Up in front of the theatre drove Bette. On either side were four men—eight in all. They were the ones whose names had been linked with hers, because they happened to be her friends. One half were wearing white carnations. The other half red. Bette wore a corsage combination of the two colors. Yes, Hollywood is still gasping.

This is written for those of you who might want to call a Marx Brother on the phone. (For what reason, no one knows.) But when you call and ask for Chico, he will say it is Harpo. And when you ask for Zeppo, he'll answer that you are talking to Groucho. In other words, you'll never get the one you want, unless you are satisfied with the one you've already got. It sounds silly. Well, maybe it is.

That funny man, Joe E. Brown, pulled this one on the studio barber. "Give me a Dave Hutton haircut," said

ILLUSTRATED with PHOTOGRAPHS



the cavern-mouthed comedian. "What do you mean by that," asked the barber with a puzzled expression. "You know what I mean," expostulated Joe, "Trimmed at the temple — trimmed at the temple!"

Get a load of this one. They do say as how the final close-up on Mae West's new picture, "I'm No Angel," is going to be a howl. A gateman, who knows a telephone operator, who knows the script girl on the picture, reports the lines go something like this:

Cary Grant: (Taking Mae to his manly bosom) "Tell me, do I really affect you as much as you say I do?"

Mae: (Shrugging her shoulders and speaking through pressed lips) "Put cha self in ma' place. Whatta ya' think?"

It required several minutes to change the camera setup on Garbo's picture, "Queen Christina" . . . Director Mamoulian strolled outside the stage to catch a breath of air. "Hey boy," shouted Lionel Barrymore, as he saw the figure in the darkened doorway. "Which way to stage ten?" "To your left and through the archway," answered the director. "Thanks buddy," called back Lionel, as he hurried to the set. Then Mamoulian went back to directing Garbo.

Two studio hairdressers sat on the sidelines, sighing over Primo Carnera, as they watched him work out for his screen battle with Max Baer. "Gee, he's swell," said one, "I'm glad I saw him first." "Whadda ya' mean, you saw him first?" piped up the second girl. "I've had my eye on him ever since he first stepped



Another Hollywood surprise marriage—that of Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney. They flew away to Yuma, like all the other eloping newlyweds of movietown this month

M-G-M gave May Robson a real party in celebration of her fifty years of fine work on the stage. Lionel Barrymore was one of the first to autograph her guest list



Taken by HYMAN FINK

through the gate." "Well, don't let's fight about it," came back the reply, "There's enough for both of us anyway."

And who do you think is the personal screen nomination of the almost-ethereal Francis Lederer? It's Wallace Beery. We have Francis' word for it, that Wallie is one of the finest artists in the movies.

"Queen Christina" can now talk about her operation! For many weeks, dozens of women hand embroidered the beautiful court costume Adrian designed for Garbo. Finally the great day arrived. But alas and alack! When the elusive one put it on, her processional to the throne, represented the plight of a Volga boatman. Back to the wardrobe it went. Thirty pounds of the magnificent, but heavy, beaded embroidery was cut away. Once again Greta put it on. This time she made the throne in par.

It was premiere night in Hollywood. Lights, stars and the usual excitement prevailed at the Chinese theatre, where "Dinner At Eight" was being shown. Suddenly over the air came the voice of Jean Harlow, broadcasting from the lobby. "This may sound sentimental," cooed Jeanie. "But I want to express my thanks to my father and mother, who are responsible for me being here." The next day a wag came out with the remark that the theme song of the next Harlow picture should be, "Thank you father, thank you mother!"

What a break for Ann Sothern! (Mary Mason to you.) Ann, as she is now

called, was having lunch at the same table with Sally Eilers, at the Fox studio. Harry Joe Brown, who was to marry Sally in a few days, happened by. "I think this girl is a great screen bet," said Sally, "Why don't you give her a test?"

Mr. Brown took Sally's recommendation and sent for the girl. The test was made, but through an error, it became mixed up with those made for "Eight Girls in a Boat." The minute Ann came on the screen, they made up their minds. All that day was spent in the wardrobe and learning lines. That night she left for location at Lake Arrowhead. Her days of posing for leg pictures, as a stock player, are gone forever.

Poor Dorothy Petersen! She came to Hollywood and made the fatal mistake of hiding her natural beauty beneath the powdered wigs and homespun frocks of screen motherhood. She couldn't seem to escape. At last she got a chance to appear as her natural self in a picture for M-G-M.

Then Myrna Loy, who was playing the lead, came on the set. Immediately something was wrong. Everyone sensed it, but couldn't tell just what it was. Suddenly it was discovered that Dorothy and Myrna almost look like twin sisters.

So another actress was called in and Dorothy Petersen has gone back to playing mothers again.

A certain dance director in Hollywood is noted for his strict discipline in training the girls. Sometimes he gets pretty rough with them, but he is so likeable, the fair chorines are loyal to the cause. One day in particular, everything went wrong. He raved and tore his hair, bawled people out and threatened to fire them. The girls were tired and hungry. Just as he turned away, one girl more daring than the rest, began singing the song from "Three Little Pigs," "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf"! Immediately the other girls joined in. At first he was furious. Then his humor got the best of him. The rest of the day ran like clock work.

Wonder what Joan Crawford meant by this one? Bing Crosby, who is working in the Marion Davies picture, came over to visit on the Crawford set. "How's the new baby?" inquired Joan.

"He's wonderful," beamed Crosby, a la the doting parent, "But there's only one trouble. He

Here is pretty Elizabeth Allan snapped partying with her very devoted husband, W. J. O'Brien



doesn't like to take his bath." "He's going to be an actor," prophesied Joan, as she went back to work.

Yes, Hollywood is quite the sophisticated city! It was midnight and the famous Boulevard was as deserted as an old maid with the smallpox! Suddenly fire bells broke out. Flames poured out of the roof of the local five and ten. Machine carrying hastily dressed citizens, began arriving from all directions. By leading the crowd of curious, was Gary Cooper who was on his way home from working late at the studio. Even a tired movie star can't resist a good healthy fire in Hollywood.



Jack La Rue may be one of the big bad wolves in pictures but he's all the world to his sister, Rose, with whom he's here going to see a movie



Always crabbing, that's Warren William, and we don't mean he's a sore head either. But he likes to catch crabs and play with kids and here he is down at Wilmington, Cal., having fun doing both

Here's a Hollywood couple who got married all over again, just for the joy of it. Reginald and Mrs. Barker got remarried on their thirtieth anniversary and took a wedding tour around the block.

Another happy couple, Ben and Bebe Lyon returning from their very successful trip abroad. Their baby daughter, Barbara was with them, too.



to sweat it out," advised the doctor. Francis did. Wearing fur-lined boots, gloves and a seal skin parka, he put in the hottest moments of his life, under the glaring lights of the sound stage.

Florence Desmond, famous impersonator from London, is in Hollywood. Doing a scene with Zasu Pitts in the Will Rogers picture, Florence has to do her famous impersonation of Zasu in the same scene with the comedienne.

Every time they'd get half way through the scene, poor Zasu would throw up her hands in despair. "I just can't go on," wailed Zasu. "She does it so well, I forget which one is me."

Hollywood's famous Colony Club was outdoing itself with merriment. There were stars and more stars. Then in walked Jack Oakie, and the party was complete. "How about a little music," shouted Jack, to the stringed trio in the corner. "Play that new one dedicated to the nudist colony." The poor orchestra leader shrugged his shoulders and shook his head in bewilderment. "You know the one I mean," continued Oakie, "It's called 'You're An Old Smoothie!'"

They're still talking about Adrian's latest model. It was at the Donald Ogden Stewart Movie ball. Everyone was supposed to come dressed as his favorite star. Adrian arrived dressed as Chic Sale. But only his feet were visible. He was wearing one of the famous dwellings sponsored by the Specialist.

The stately halls of the Los Angeles City Hall fairly trembled, as a bevy of Paramount cuties, led by Baby LeRoy, came to have their contracts approved. The presiding magistrate placed Monsieur Le Baby up on his desk, where he could be seen. He even allowed him to hammer with the gavel and call the court to order. But when an enterprising photographer asked his honor to pose with the baby on his lap, dignity suddenly came into its own again. "Don't forget I have a full day's work ahead of me," stammered the judge.

Saturday night guests in the



It's nice to see that there can still be friendship in Hollywood. Especially when divorce enters into it and separates two people, once recognized as the world's greatest sweethearts. Picking up a daily trade paper in London, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. read where his ex-wife, Joan Crawford, had broken her ankle while performing a difficult dance routine for her new picture. It took three cables on Joan's part to convince him that it was only a bad sprain and she would soon be well again.

Francis Lederer, famous European star and matinee idol, has finally broken the ice! After various delays, his initial picture, "Man of Two Worlds," in which he plays an Eskimo, is under way. But the day before it started, Francis was taken sick with a bad cold. "The only way to cure it, is



Pals, on and off screen, Jackie Cooper and Wally Beery pose in front of the United Artists' studio where they made "The Bowery" together. They were both on loan from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Sally Eilers put one over on the movie colony. Hollywood thought she was interested in Bill Powell, with whom she is shown here at the Vendome (the other two ladies are Virginia Bruce and Sandra Shaw). But read about her marriage on Page 36 of this issue

home of Joan Crawford were startled by the undignified shrieks of the hostess, coming from the upstairs floor. Following the sound, they came upon Joan standing over a huge box on which were lettered the words, "Live Turtle Inside." After eliminating dozens of boxes and papers, a tiny turtle about the size of a dollar, was discovered. On its back was written the name "Joan." An admiring fan had sent it all the way from the World's Fair. At first it appeared to be dead. The star carried it carefully down to her outdoor fish pond. Latest reports state that the Weissmuller swimming record has been broken.

After working day and night to finish her latest picture, "Beautiful," Ann Harding saw her little girl Jane, for the first time in several days. "You know, mama," said the child, "I've decided not to be an actress." "But I thought that's what you wanted to be," answered the mother in surprised tones. "I've changed my mind," said Jane, "I think it's much nicer to be a mother and stay home with your little girl."

The name of this little episode might indeed be called "The Passing Show." When Joan Crawford was just a chorus girl, Frances Williams was one of the stars of "The Passing Show," where Joan was dancing. The other morning, as Joan left her three-room suite to go to the sound stage, she noticed a light burning in the first dressing room she had ever occupied on the M-G-M lot. As she passed by, the door opened. Out walked Frances Williams who is now playing a part in "The Hollywood Party."

The cast and crew of "Beautiful" finished the last scene on the picture, just in time to get out to Director Al Santell's house for a celebration. Al, who is famous for his grilled steaks, donned chef's cap and apron. Sitting around an open air grate were Ann Harding, Sari Maritza, Robert Young, Allan Hughes and Jane Keith, who handled the consumers' end of the situation.

Once a champ, always a champ! For the fight scenes between Max Baer and Primo Carnera, the studio thought it would be a nice gesture to invite all the old champions to sit in the audience. When they got Jess Willard on the 'phone and extended the invitation, the ex-champ replied,

"Sure I'll be glad to come; how much is there in it for me?"

Jimmy Cagney met up with a pal of his, while lunching in the studio cafe. "I hear you got married," cried the red-headed Cagney. "Tell me all about it." "Boy, did I marry a beauty!" raved his pal, "Has a swell racket, too. She's a lingerie model." "I get it," cracked Jimmy, as he backed away, "You fell for an undyworld queen!"

And just to keep the spirit of good old NRA, R.K.O. studios are renting out King Kong to an organ grinder!

The wisest bit

Remember Tullio Carminati from the silent days? He's returning now, being signed by Twentieth Century pictures

philosophy for the month comes from none other than Hollywood's newest gal friend, Texas Guinan. "I don't drink and I don't smoke," says Tex, "But it's not for goodness sake. It's the only way I could keep on going, when I do practically everything, but bathe, in a night club. I just call it being plain smart." Incidentally, in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," Tex introduces ebony fingernails, to match with the jet gown she is wearing.

Norman Taurog, who wins all honors for Hollywood's most jovial director, tells this one on himself. After a day on the set directing Maurice Chevalier in "The Way to Love," the director was stopped at the automobile gate by an excitable Italian woman. While he is quite swarthy of complexion, Norman comes from anything but Italian parents. Rather than try to convince the woman that he could not understand her, he kept nodding his head and saying "yes," to her foreign mutterings. Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning, she showed up at the casting office, with seven children. All were ready to make their debut in the movies.

Would you like to know what actually happened when Joan Crawford met Bing Crosby for the first time? Well, here is the exclusive and authentic story on the great occasion.

A friend took Bing over on the set where Joan was rehearsing for a dance number. When Joan saw Bing coming through the door, she began to shake so badly, she couldn't

stand up. Bing was more excited than she was. He had read stories of Joan being his biggest fan, but had credited them to the over-zealous mind of the studio press agent. Dave Snell, who is Joan's favorite arranger, was there at the time. "I think you should make this complete by singing Joan's favorite song, 'Melancholy Baby,'" suggested Dave. Bing didn't know the words but Dave did. So he fed the words to the crooner who sang them as only Crosby could. And Joan sat there with big black tears streaming down her face.

It was during the days of Hollywood's famous earthquake. Ted Healey had an apartment on the ground floor of the Lido in Hollywood. His stooges were living up on the third. Suddenly the building gave a violent jerk and almost toppled over. Racing down the three flights of stairs, the stooges burst into Ted's apartment: "What'd you do?" they demanded—all out of breath.

She was blonde and dizzy. William Powell saw her standing in front of the Westwood Village theatre, where his picture, "Double Harness," was playing. Turning to her boy friend, "Bill" heard her remark, as he went up to buy his ticket, "You ain't gonna get me in there, I can't stand western pictures."

A platinum orchid to Mrs. Eric Von Stroheim, for her pluck and courage. Hollywood is proud of a real trouper. Recently she was having a gasoline

It's on again, that romance of Alice White's and Cy Bartlett's and here's Jimmy Cagney watching them register bliss

shampoo in a local beauty parlor. Suddenly her beautiful head of hair burst into flames. Her face and body were seared almost beyond recognition. While confusion reigned supreme, she had the presence of mind to go to the phone and call for a doctor. Not only that but when the ambulance arrived, she refused the stretcher and walked out by herself.

It takes a healthy stomach to weather a luau. The term can be reduced to plain English but not the food; it is an Hawaiian feast. The "Blood Money" company found themselves up to their necks and sitting on their haunches, surrounded by dozens of banana leaves laden with doubtful delicacies. George Bancroft and Frances Dee were in the scene depicting this orgy of gastronomic bliss and were acting to the hilt in an attempt to look happy in their work. Bancroft went through the motions of eating poi, and Dee tried to look ecstatic over fat greasy chunks of pork. Finally Bancroft found one dish that he liked. He specialized on it, eating heavily. When the scene was finished he turned to an Hawaiian fellow-feaster and asked, "What was that one dish that I liked?" The café au lait gourmand answered, "That was broiled octopus." Bancroft left the kanaka picnic on the wings of nausea.

A dusky flower named Rose has been personal maid for Texas Guinan for more years than Guinan cares to remember. She rules the roost with a firm hand and calls Texas "Queenie." In one scene in "Broadway Through a Keyhole" La Guinan wore a white beaded dress, so heavy that she was rooted to the floor by her elegance.

Texas called to Rose, "Please come over here and fix my hair."

Rose, not to be outdone in repartee in front of the multitude, yelled back, "Queenie, you come over here, I can't get over there."

ROSE disappeared one time for two days and when she returned Texas asked for details. Rose beamed, "I went and got myself married."

Texas said, "Why didn't you tell me? I would have stood up with you."

The sun-burned bride answered, "I told you the last time and you stood up with me and it didn't last through the winter. This time I did my own marrying."

A person who gets a letter from Texas Guinan thinks at first glance that the Camorra is on his trail. The stationery has a hand, almost life-size, in an upper corner,

(Continued on page 66)

Jack Dempsey and Mrs. Dempsey are that devoted. They appear frequently at the dancing places—we caught them here at the Ambassador

Those cute pals, Madge Evans and Una Merkel, call at the Hollywood Movie Mirror office to congratulate our new Western representative, Jerry Asher, on his job. Don't they all look like nice people?

Rumble-Seat

*They are a Hollywood Institution
and the Rules They have to Live
By are Very Quaint*

Elissa Landi, shown here with Leslie Howard, is very much married in England



There is a young man with an appropriate name of Smith who can call Katharine Hepburn "wife"—but he seldom sees her



The famous Ames-Ames-Cabot triangle, left, and the Ken Murray-Sue Carol alliance right. With Sue and Ken are Helen



Twelvetees and Mr. Wood who is married to the fair Helen and, wonderful to relate, actually goes places with her



HUSBANDS

By HARRIET PARSONS

would constitute a sizeable army—a legion of forgotten men. Theirs is the thankless position of prince consort to the glamorous queens of moviedom—living in the reflected limelight of their more spectacular spouses. Frequently they are mentioned in the public prints. Their names are even internationally famous—but it is an ignoble fame, for it attaches to them not by reason of their own deeds, but the deeds of the women to whom they are married.

I suppose you think, Mr. Average Husband, that it would be a dream of bliss to be married to any one of such beauteous, colorful creatures as Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Lilian Harvey, Dorothea Wieck, Irene Dunne, Elissa Landi, Janet Gaynor, Adrienne Ames.

But take a second think and see whether the glamour of these ladies would stretch far enough to make Mr. Marlene Dietrich, Mr. Katharine Hepburn or Mr. Lilian Harvey feel mentally well dressed.

If you're going to qualify as a class A rumble-seat husband these are only a few of the things you'll have to be able to take: you must be able to be gracious at a première, party, railway station, airport or dock when mobs swarm about your wife and you are pointed out perfunctorily as "So-and-so's husband"; you must be able to stand by without looking sulky (although feeling pretty silly) while your wife signs autograph books, talks over the (Continued on page 70)

Dietrich, the one and only, goes in for directors in America, Director Mamoulian at left, and Director von Sternberg at right.

Her little daughter lives with her—but not her husband, who stays in Germany, except for occasional American visits.

Bette Davis went to a Première lately with eight escorts, but without her husband

Charming Dorothea Wieck has a husband in Germany and a career in America and the two don't mix so you can notice it





by
NINA WILCOX
PUTNAM



ON a certain terrifically hot afternoon last summer, the Fair Grounds at Chicago were in a turmoil, and the center of this turmoil was a small blonde girl, running for her very life.

She was just a slip of a thing, surprisingly wiry and vigorous under her close-fitting black frock, but fast as she ran, the crowd was gaining on her. Panting and bewildered, she rounded the corner of a snowy building only to be confronted by another contingent of the mob, which had suspected the direction she would take and headed her off. With a roar which struck terror to her heart they closed in on her and all but lifted her from her feet, snatching off her hat, making ribbons of her dress, yelling and shouting.

"It's Jean!" they cried. "It's our Jean."

"Help!" said the blonde faintly, and turned in gratitude toward a friendly cop who had pushed his way to her side. "Help! Get me out of this!"

"Sure I will," said the cop. "But would you mind autographing my book first?"

The girl, as you have probably already guessed, more or less gentle reader, was Jean Harlow, and the ravenous mob was composed of the delighted fellow citizens who had recognized her when she had indiscreetly, ventured to try

and see the great Exposition in what was, for so long, her home town.

"I decided then and there," Jean told me, sitting curled up in a huge white chair in the sun-parlor of her Beverly Glen home, "Yes indeed, I decided then and there, that what a girl like me needed was a good, strong husband!"

It was the day after her surprise wedding to Harold Rosson and the above related incident had come to light when I asked her, bluntly, why she had married again? Clad in blue slacks and a soft white shirt, her only jewels the new wedding ring and a slender diamond and platinum anklet above her small right foot, she looked like a doll, so huge was the winged chair in which she sat. Her reply had been a mischievous one, and deliberately evasive. She looked

think, as the wild, impulsive young Jean may have looked after her sudden marriage with the fabulously wealthy young husband from Chicago who accompanied her to Hollywood when she first came out seeking a motion picture career. That youthful episode had not, as Jean herself once told me very frankly, been able to survive Hollywood's atmosphere of jealousy, both professional and personal. However, there had been no financial need for Jean's working while she was Mrs. McGrew, and he'd given her a good deal—brief happiness, youth, charm, much money and the backing she'd needed to fight her way to fame. Oh, yes indeed it was quite easy to see why she had married the first time!

The grim specter of Paul Bern flitted across my memory, too, as I sat looking at the slip of a girl whose fate, for a while, had been so tragically interwoven with his. I was recalling the brilliant, sunny day of their wedding, only a short twelve months-odd ago when all of M-G-M turned out to celebrate. There was then no apparent reason why Jean should not have been glad indeed to marry Bern—he, too, had much to offer her. Many tongues at the time wagged rather unkindly, saying it was a marriage of convenience so far as Jean was concerned. Financially it

Jean and Hal Rosson, the morning after their flying wedding, snapped by Hyman Fink, Movie Mirror's cameraman, at Jean's home



JEAN Gets Her Cameraman



Another snap of Jean, Hal, her step-father and her mother having breakfast together the morning after Jean's dramatic elopement

certainly was desirable—and some said that Jean was keenly aware of the match's advantages not only from the point of view of Paul Bern's private fortune but from the angle of what he would do for her by way of building her to the dizzy heights

of stardom. Poor child, if indeed she had meant to buy herself top-billing, Heaven knows she paid a dreadful price in the days and nights which followed Bern's suicide and the suicide of his morganatic wife! Still, no second sight was needed to decide why Jean had thought the popular Bern, who was both clever and powerful, a desirable bridegroom!

But why Harold Rosson? He was neither rich nor famous nor very young. Hollywood is, without doubt, the most snobbish town in the world, and Hollywood has always drawn the strictest line between technicians and actors. The finest gentlemen with the best education in the world cannot and does not escape the rigors of this distinction, and Mr. Rosson, charming and clever as he is, is still a cameraman: one of the best, so I am told. So Jean most certainly did not marry him for social position. (Continued on page 88)

The Inside Story of Sally and Jimmy...

*For the First and Last Time
the Little Eilers Girl Explains
a Situation that Has Greatly
Puzzled Hollywood*

And of The Man Sally Married

By
**DOROTHY
MANNERS**



THE newsie stood on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine and bawled: "*Wuxtra . . . wuxtra!* Sally Eilers marries producer Harry Joe Brown. Surprise elopement knocks Hollywood for a loop!"

The kid was conservative.

The surprise elopement of Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown knocked Hollywood out!

Until the very moment when that startling news came over the wires from Yuma, Arizona, Hollywood had believed with good cause that Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn, the boy who is her screen sweetheart, were in love with one another!

Consider the facts since Sally announced her separation from Hoot Gibson. It was to Jimmy that Sally turned in those first despondent weeks of her marital rift. It was Jimmy who took her dining, dancing and to the theatre. It was Jimmy who was in New York when his pretty little screen partner's boat docked from her recent vacation in Europe. Sally and Jimmy, with friends, had visited the Chicago Fair together. Since their return to Hollywood the gossip columnists had made no secret of their "serious interest" in one another. The week before her marriage Sally had spent at Yosemite and Jimmy had followed her up there!

But the newsies yelled: "*Wuxtra . . . Sally weds movie director. . .*"

All the official details were recorded. An airplane had been chartered to carry the big wedding party consisting of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rogell, Lew Cody, Dixie Martin, Marion Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin. Judge Freeman, "the marrying Judge," had performed the ceremony. The bride wore gray . . . her corsage was of orchids.

But it was an entirely different set of details and questions running through the surprised mind of Hollywood.

What of Sally and Jimmy? What had happened? Had they quarreled? Not since Janet Gaynor did that famous run-out on Charlie Farrell and married Lydell Peck in San Francisco, has there been so much puzzled speculation. You heard those old familiar phrases, "spite marriage," "lovers' quarrel" . . . you heard all the things they had said about

Janet and Charlie five years ago and had never for a moment stopped saying during the entire time she was married to Lydell Peck. You heard . . . Is Jimmy Dunn destined to haunt the private life of Sally Eilers the same way Charlie Farrell has stood in the background of Janet Gaynor's ever since "Seventh Heaven"?

The voice of Hollywood cried: "Sally marries Paramount Studio executive. . . ."

The curious mind of Hollywood wondered: *What of Jimmy Dunn?*

The new Mrs. Harry Joe Brown sat facing me on the green divan in her smart apartment in the *Colonial House*. We had been discussing frankly the questions Hollywood throbbed with. She said: "How terribly unfair it is to all of us. . . .!"

A moment before an excited bride had been pulling me by the hand on a rush tour through the luxurious apartment which will be "home" to Sally from now on.

"This is the dining room. . . . Harry and I planned it together when he was furnishing the place. You don't know Harry? I didn't know there was anyone in Hollywood who doesn't know my darling. I tell you I've married the grandest man in the world . . . but I'm darn sick of hearing about it. I want someone to tell him how lucky he is . . . for a change. I'm thinking of making this play room over into a bedroom. I brought this desk back from Europe. But really, he is an

angel, and I don't care how many people tell me so. If we glass in this porch it will serve as an extra room. I adore him. Here . . . read these telegrams (she dumped hundreds of yellow sheets of congratulations and good wishes into my lap), I'm so excited and happy I feel light in the head!"

That was the pert, excited Sally of a moment previous . . . until I had mentioned the name of Jimmy Dunn and the Hollywood gossip which still linked her name to his. Now she sat very quietly (she looked small curled up on the enormous divan), a cigarette between her fingers. There's something childishly appealing about Sally with her short bobbed blonde hair and the faint sprinkling of freckles across her nose. She can look as smart as a Paris model one moment . . . until she runs her restless fingers through her hair. Then she looks like a kid in just a simple little blue sports dress.

She said: "I want to speak of this subject frankly . . . for the first, and the last time. I want people to know the truth about the legend of Sally and Jimmy. Because nothing in the world must be permitted to happen to the sweetest affection that has ever come into my life . . . my love for Harry.

"It is so difficult to explain. I think the only fair way to get at the truth is to start back at the very beginning when I first met Jimmy on 'Bad Girl' . . . when I was married to Hooter." (Which is, of course, Sally's nickname for Hoot Gibson.)

"During the making of 'Bad Girl' there was nothing

vague or indifferent about my feelings toward Jimmy. I couldn't stand him! I thought he was the cockiest, most irritating man I had ever met. After we had been on the picture about a week, I told Hoot one evening that Jimmy acted like he was doing me a favor by giving a good performance in the picture. Hoot said to forget it . . . I was probably just imagining things because I was so nervous over the first real break I had ever had. But I knew better. I knew I didn't like Jimmy Dunn.

"Hoot and I were living out on the ranch at the time and we did a lot of entertaining. Until the release of 'Bad Girl' we never had Jimmy out. But when the picture went over so well and everybody was so marvelous about our work, Hoot said he thought we should start inviting Jimmy to the

parties and rodeos. He said it looked funny not to have Jimmy there. One day Hoot came home with a friend of his, a man named Harry Joe Brown and they both kidded me about being jealous of Jimmy! As far as I was concerned Harry Joe Brown was just another of Hoot's friends. I didn't even know who he was, though I had an idea he was an agent, or something. If anyone had told me that within two years I would be married to Harry, I would have laughed out loud! But I suppose he would have laughed even louder. He told me that when he first met me he thought I was the cockiest, freshest kid he had ever met. He said he felt rather sorry for Hoot . . .

because he was married to such a spoiled brat.

"The first big rodeo we gave, I finally broke down and invited Jimmy. Harry Joe was there, too. But as far as I was concerned they could have been absent . . . both of them. I did notice Jimmy seemed a little nicer than he was in the studio, that is, he seemed more like a big kid than the know-it-all I had suspected him of being. I didn't notice anything in particular about Hoot's friend, Mr. Brown. He swears up and down I used to forget to speak to him. I did discover, however, he was not an actor's agent, but an important associate producer and director. Which meant nothing at all to me. I had a good Fox contract, and I was getting ready for my second picture with Jimmy, 'Dance Team.'

"As that picture progressed we got along a lot better. We laughed and kidded around and became the best of friends. Frequently we lunched together . . . and I think that was the real beginning of the talk about us . . . being interested, I mean. That night at the *Mayfair* when Hoot and I quarreled over a décolleté gown I was wearing . . . there were plenty of gossips who said we quarreled because I danced with Jimmy too often. It was silly and absurd then . . . but all that talk *did* make a difference. It made for a self-conscious relationship between Jimmy and Hoot and me.

"I don't think it necessary to go into the many quarrels for many reasons, and Jimmy was not one of them, which eventually led to the separation of Hoot and me. We made up a couple of times, only to (Continued on page 75)



Just when Hollywood wondered when Sally Eilers would divorce Hoot Gibson and marry Jimmy Dunn, the girl surprised everyone by marrying Harry Joe Brown. With them here are Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the matchmakers

C R A S H I N G



MAC MILLER

IT used to be the correct formula for crashing New York society to buy a million dollar "cottage" at Newport, give another million to a pet society charity, and marry your daughter to an impoverished English nobleman, the possessor of a mortgaged castle where the plumbing was really something scandalous.

You could build a two million dollar villa on the best street in Beverly Hills, install a platinum swimming pool, give four millions to charity, and marry your daughter to Mahatma Gandhi. And you'd still be on the wrong side of the fence at Pickfair. That just isn't the way things are done in the entirely mythical kingdom of the cinema, unless you already belong. If you do there's not the slightest reason for reading this story.

Eas is east, and Mae West is Mae West, or something

like that. Anyway, the formula is different. You can get into the motion picture smart set on a pretty modest budget if you are willing to put up with four or five "ifs," and a half dozen "buts." Of course, goodness knows, I'm not trying to say that a million or so in the bank is an actual drawback.

There are now, and always have been, quite a few people mingling in the Hollywood upper crust who are not important figures in the motion picture industry. In several cases the people are not connected in any way with what is laughingly called the world of the fillums. They sell bonds or insurance. They are doctors and lawyers. Or pa still supports them. They are Los Angeles and Pasadena society girls, or champion swimmers or tennis players. You see them at all the swank parties. How do they get that way?



M o v i e S o c i e t y

This is one of the best ways of crashing Hollywood society. (If you want a key to this picture turn to Page 91)

First of all they are interesting. They have a sense of humor. Call it a line, if you want to. They may be interested only, as an example, in how many people in the United States carry life insurance policies, but they have sense enough to talk motion pictures at motion picture parties. There's one thing about picture parties. Every one has something in common beside the weather. The insurance man may catch a star in an off moment some time and sell him a big policy, but he doesn't try it at first, and seldom, if ever, at parties. These "outsiders" must be good dancers, play an intelligent game at bridge, dress well, and not be dubs in the swimming pool or on the tennis courts.

Ronald Colman said once that the outdoor girl had a grand chance of being a social success in Hollywood. The picture

men like the girl that plays tennis, swims, rides horseback, and doesn't pay undue attention to facial kalsomining. The girl who is merely a parlor ornament has about as much chance as a snowball in that well known hot climate. Unless, of course, her papa knows Louis B. Mayer or Jack Warner. Introductions DO help, in any case.

It's a lot easier for a personable young man to get his name in the Hollywood society columns than it is for an equally personable young woman. The town is shy on escorts. Such a scurrying about as the feminine stars resort to in order to dig up a presentable boy friend for a big party. Naturally a new man is like good news from home. A hostess is not unwilling to have her lady friends bring an uninvited escort, but you should (Continued on page 86)



Mae West prefers big hats with jeweled pins as ornaments

Alice White and Sari Maritza favor the same type of small hat



Sari's stiffened veil is in black, Alice's in white. Cute?

EXTRA! EXTRA! All about the nomination of Evalyn Knapp to Hollywood's Hall of Fashion Fame. Popular young star wins the Style of the Month trophy by introducing the most unique fad of the hour . . . a two-timing hat called "Dine and Dance" by James Hopkins, the most recent addition to Hollywood's famous coterie of American Designers!

. . . and don't be so faSINated (forgive me, Mae West) by Evalyn's home-run on the hat situation that you can't appreciate the appropriateness of her dinner gown. Just as dual nature as her chapeau, what with one long tight sleeve on one arm and just an absurd gauntlet on the other. Gold lamé of dress and black satin of hat—a brand new original model, at last, is hard to beat. Bravo and huzza to the girl who came back!

JUST as I caught my breath after that one I heard a sly whisper from one who knows about things almost before they happen. It had to do with watching watches and just as I was saying to myself "poor thing, it must be the California sun . . ." I looked up and saw Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe stroll into the booth just across from mine at the Café Vendome. And there on Lil's tailored suit lapel was a clip that wasn't a clip. It was a tiny watch! I rushed to a telephone and called Hyman Fink . . . but he didn't catch it until the next afternoon and where do you think it was by then? On the cuff of Miss Tashman's black top-coat ticking merrily away in proud confidence that it had us fad-fanciers simply silly keeping up with every little thing. Since *then* I've seen the same little gadget on the cuff of Miss Tashman's *very* stunning black velvet afternoon gown. It's bound to start less interesting clips being put "on the cuff" in more ways than one. (How many charge accounts have you?)

BUT before you go into a huddle about whether or not you can keep up with Lilyan Tashman let me add to your problems by informing you that Joan Crawford's newest watch is a tiny round one *in the side of her lipstick!* I have a hunch it's probably the first one in Hollywood and before you even have time to wonder who gave it to Joan let me say just one thing. I *know*—but I won't tell!

IT may or may not sound strange, but in Hollywood it's very smart to go to the fights. The other night Myrna Loy and Max Baer were guests of honor at the American Legion Stadium and you should have seen all the celebrities! Myrna looked as delectable as ever. She wore a simple black frock with a long sable coat which had no collar but long ties of the fur just flipped over each other at the throat. Her hat caught my eye for it was a miner's cap of black velvet, pulled way down over her right eye and





Joan Bennett always wears jeweled clips on her turban hats



Sally Eilers wears metal clips on her hat with the new brim



Bessie Love proves you can wear clips even on a tricorn

Dorothea Wieck wears a double veil, one down, one up and very chic

as cocky as could be with a little top-knot of velvet wagging from the crown. Myrna is one girl who wears sable as nonchalantly as a polo-coat, isn't it swell to see someone like that?

MY fondest hope was realized that same evening when I found Mae West sitting right in front of me . . . she's the toast of the town, you know. Well, there were no plumes, no plush and no pompadour. She wore a very

good-looking winter suit. Black tweed with just a dot of white in the weave; dropped epaulets which were stiffened and corded around the shoulder seam; a bright red crêpe blouse with a soft bow in front and a simple little toque of black velvet, completed her costume. When they called on her to take a bow she just smiled and waved her hand, and loads of people hardly recognized her. She's quite small, you know, off the screen, and very pretty!

DID you know that all the girls in Hollywood are having pearl earrings dyed to match their frocks?

AT the Warner Brothers Opening of "I Loved A Woman" there was a terrific disturbance during the interval between the acts. Bette Davis lost one of her eight boy friends and couldn't find him anywhere. But while she was rushing around searching the crowds for the missing beau I got a very good look at her newest evening ensemble. Gray waffle crêpe with a double-breasted, three-quarter length coat. The buttons were rhinestone and the sleeves had pleated fullness just below the shoulder-line. It was terribly becoming to Bette and the only dash of color was the vari-colored boutonniere which she pinned right between the first two buttons. Oh yes, she made each one of the "eager eight" wear a boutonniere just like hers and from their ardent attentiveness you can well imagine that those little flowers are being tenderly pressed in eight different books of sonnets this very minute.

IF you get tired of wearing stud earrings where they belong, try putting them on the edge of your velvet beret—that's what Martha Sleeper does and they look very cute.

BLACK velvet suddenly goes frivolous by allowing Elissa Landi the liberty of adding flimsy white lace epaulets to its otherwise daringly low décolletage. You'll see this gown in "By Candlelight"

A two-timing hat and a two timing dress, both belonging to Evalyn Knapp and described in this article



which is Elissa's current production and for which she has some terribly nice clothes, 'specially designed by Letty Lee. It really is news—this return of long ropes of pearls for formal evening wear. Some of them fall to the knees but Elissa Landi wears hers in two loops which is a trifle more conservative and just as smart.

DON'T let anyone tell you the fez is out . . . Joan Crawford is wearing a bright Turkey red one, with a very long tassel which keeps whacking her on the shoulder.

RIGHT in the middle of a lot of gaiety here in Hollywood one of our loveliest stars "ups and offs" to Reno! But we caught one good last look at her before she boarded the train and noticed that she looks equally smart in "off to Reno" regalia. A perfectly tailored suit with the correct contrast twist skirt and jacket. That is, a light skirt and a dark coat! It goes without saying that her hat was a simple felt and that she had used her inevitable good taste in choosing accessories. Who was it? Why, Adrienne Ames!

IF you had a chance, wouldn't you love to peek in Joan Crawford's windows one of these moonlight nights and see just how she dresses at home? If you were lucky you might see her wearing a slinky dark blue satin evening gown of Grecian silhouette. Around her slender waist a ruby red silk cord is knotted, with long ends hanging down in front. The neck is gathered on an invisible cord and in back . . . why, there isn't any back! Her sandals are very open ruby velvet ones and the same shade of ruby is carried to her lips and the tips of her graceful fingers. Need I add that she is wearing gardenias?

THE gallery at the Tennis Matches in Hollywood was an all-star one this Fall. It was amusing to note how many feminine celebrities clung to the styles of the waning summer season, and how many were resplendently fallish in their garb. Mink coats sat alongside of white linen suits and sables rubbed elbows with sweaters and slacks!

Norma Shearer announced the most important match on Movie Day in a stunning green outfit with bands of mink around her shoulder seams, a jaunty beret of tan antelope and green wool gloves which seemed to melt right into the sleeves of her suit. It's grand to have her back in Hollywood and she seems gayer than ever and just as chic!

THE sailor with its wide brim and elastic hold seems to have been pretty well passed up by most of the stars for the small, manipulated beret adaptations. These berets have come to the front in more ways than one—Grace Bradley, over at Paramount, has one that is called "The Accordion" very new, very smart, very becoming!

JOAN BENNETT and Sally Eilers always wear clips or metal ornaments on the left side of their usually-turbanish hats. It must be a superstition.

Alice White and Sari Maritza have little black hats exactly alike. They both wear them just the same, with stiffened nose veils which add just the right touch of coquetry.

Tallulah Bankhead and Adrienne Ames still hold the record for the under-the-chin elastic sailors, while Dorothy Jordan and Gloria Stuart wear this same type of broad-brimmed chapeau at very dangerous angles, depending solely upon the little elastic which is hiding in clusters of curls around the back of their heads.

The very mysterious Dorothea Wieck has a new corded black crêpe turban with

Tunics are oh, so good this winter and you'll find in this fashion letter just how to wear them. They are fairly inexpensive and add tremendously to your wardrobe



GO
AND



Clever fur note on Elissa Landi's coat. She has a Johnny collar and huge, puffed shoulders of galyak on an otherwise plain coat

Glittering dresses will be most correct for winter evenings. Bebe Daniels brought hers back from Paris. Travis Banton designed Miriam Hopkins', and he tells you how to wear it

a double veil which crosses high in the front. All Hollywood is anxiously awaiting the release of "Cradle Song" which is Miss Wieck's first American production.

YOU may have used platinum tips on your finger nails, along with that bright red polish, but I'll bet Fay Wray has beaten us all to it when it comes to wearing all-platinum nails with a silver dinner gown. At the same time she wears the very newest type of silver sandal, which is à la Trilby and reveals platinum tipped toes!

I TOLD you about Mae West at the prize-fights, but I forgot to mention that she prefers large hats for private wear when the occasion allows wearing them. There is where her considerate nature took care of those who sat in front of her at the fights! Remember that, girls. Yes, the larger the better according to Mae, but instead of feathers or veils Mae West uses jeweled pins as trimming for these broad-brimmed chapeau. She has several pet pins, rather large ones, which she switches from hat to hat. But she suggests that it's wise to put the pin back in the same place each time which is a practical little hint, isn't it?

LONG Russian blouses are being used a lot these days. Claudette Colbert wears one in "Torch Singer," as part of a street costume. It's black satin, over an accordion-pleated skirt and lavish silver foxes serve as her wrap.

Then there's the one Vivian Tobin wears in a garden party scene in "Behold We Live." Hers is of course semi-formal and the long tunic is light blue transparent crêpe, bound with narrow black velvet ribbon. The skirt is accordion-pleated, of course, and the black velvet-covered buttons down the tunic spell "Rich Man"!

SPEAKING of tunics, you should see Ivan Lebedeff between scenes on "Bombshell" which is Jean Harlow's new picture. He removes his dinner coat and wears a fascinating black satin Russian blouse which is called "rubashki" in his native country! It's becoming, and how!

TRAVIS BANTON, Paramount's famous designer says that beaded fabrics for evening gowns are exceedingly good. But, he stresses the point that their use must be "casual." For instance, one he designed for Miriam Hopkins in "Design For Living" is a perfect symphony in design, but its simplicity is outstanding. You will notice that she wears no jewelry, which is part of the secret of being what Banton calls "casual."

DO you know what the smartest combination of color is, right at this moment? Recovery red and Blue Eagle blue! The girls in Hollywood are wearing it morning, noon and night. 'N-r-a'nt they smart?

OH yes—Bebe Daniels is back from Europe with trunks just bursting with new clothes. She says Parisian clothes are simply so-o dazzling it's hard to choose. One lovely one she is saving for Christmas parties is tango mouselline with gold sequins scattered over it. It has a sequin bolero and little gold satin caps over the shoulders. Bebe says it's just gay enough for the formal, but intimate parties she plans to attend during the holidays. It has a very slenderizing line which is good for young matrons like Bebe.

On a severe black velvet gown, Elissa Landi has angel sleeves lined with rows and rows of lace, giving that soft, alluring feminine touch



A CLOTHES speakeasy! Leave it to Hollywood to think of that!

It's run by two cute girls who understand the younger Hollywood stars of today and know that they prefer to be treated informally and like to be themselves in after-studio-hours. The girls call themselves Connie and Marian and their tiny shop is just outside of Los Angeles. It is the most charming place, a tiny English cottage, with an interior like a cozy living room, all white velours, including the rugs, hangings and chairs. There is an open fireplace wherein logs crackle. There is tea to be had and ivy trails from pale vases, and it's very easy to explain just what kind of a dress is needed for just what sort of a party.

MOVIE MIRROR's style scout, Mildred Duncan, went shopping there and discovered Martha Sleeper engaged in buying the clothes for her more important holiday parties. So little Mildred, always on the job, asked Martha to pose in them just for us, which the nice girl did.

At the bottom of the oppo-

**Hollywood's
Clothes Speakeasy
at 8840 Sunset
Boulevard, where
the stars buy their
personal ward-
robes**



site page you see Martha in a honey of a party frock in black velvet with real lace sleevelets and revers. Martha chose it because she is having friends in for a buffet supper Christmas Eve and she loves to play hostess in velvet. The lace treatment on the dress is so amusing Martha thinks they won't mind her turning her back on them occasionally—and she knows perfectly well how smart lace-on-velvet is.

For Christmas dinner in mid-afternoon, a good family tradition in the Sleeper residence, Martha

has chosen a long sage-green sheer wool crêpe frock. She is wearing it in the picture where she sits before the clothes' speakeasy fire. The dress's only trimming is a bow of mink accenting the center of the high neckline, fastened with two jeweled clips. The hem touches the floor when Martha stands.

On this page Martha's suit of red rust wool with red fox is worthy of much attention (and with Martha in it, it will get it!) It has a separate sleeveless jacket, which, removed, merely turns the dress into a chic one-piece model. This costume, says the debonaire Miss Sleeper, she'll wear when she goes around Christmas morning delivering her Christmas gifts.

On this page also is the tomato-red crêpe dinner dress for that Christmas meal, but her evening dress, for later that night, we didn't have space to show. And are we sorry! For it's in talisman rose (which is pinkish yellow) crinkled satin, utterly simple, except for jeweled clips on either side of the square neckline and at the waist. Clips, you will notice, have not gone out of fashion at all, but continue very chic and you practically cannot have too many of them, or in too many varieties of colors. It is smart not only to have them in rhinestones (or diamonds if you can afford them—but who can—?) but in rubies, emeralds or other colored stones to match your dresses, or to form a contrast to them. In fact, there are few accessories which are so good an invest-

ment, since for a dollar or two you can improve the appearance of the oldest dress. Incidentally, Martha is a pronounced brunette, so all the colors she has chosen can be highly recommended for other brunettes as being not only very becoming but very, very smart.

On the other hand, gorgeous Carole Lombard, who is so definitely a blonde, permitted her wardrobe to be predominated by the warm hues of tomato, bright henna and golden brown this Winter.



Knotty but nice is this tomato crêpe dinner dress (right) with bands of sable to give it prestige. The sleeves are lined with taffeta to make them stand out that way. The back (small picture) is cut very low



Red rust wool with red fox around the dropped shoulder line, that is what Martha has chosen for her mid-winter suit. Notice the simple lines of the frock and the smart swagger lines of the coat which is boldly sleeveless

The Camera DOES LIE

by MARQUIS BUSBY

PSST! Don't tell a soul, but a lot of these movie stars are as two-faced as anything. In case any tar and feather parties are already forming to the right for my special benefit, I hasten to add that I mean the remark literally. One side of the face is actually different from the other. Their photographer knows. Their photographer knows more about them than their own mother, to come right down to cases.

It was a shock to me, for instance, to find that one side of the handsome Barrymore phiz out-Barrymores the other. And that if you turn a certain light on Jean Harlow she will look like two other people. I'm sure that I would know Helen Hayes if I saw the right side of her face or the left side of her face. It would still be Helen Hayes to me—and a peach of an actress. But what a whale of a difference a little turn makes. Or, so says the photographer.

When a star sits for portraits the photographer has to know more about angles than your geometry professor, and more about lights than the guy that brought starlight to the Chicago Fair. In other words you have to be what the social registerites call a smart hombre to be a successful photographer in Hollywood. Only in Hollywood he is called a "portraiteur."

That isn't just another case of the movie town's tendency to fancy up everything in general. There's as much difference between the old-fashioned photographer and his "birdie" and the successful Hollywood portraiteur of today as there is between a leaky rowboat and the Berengaria.

The portraiteur must know his profession from alpha to omega. How to take an average, or garden variety face and make it look like something that would launch a thousand ships. He must know how to avoid that rigid expression, for all the world like the old, cigar store Indian, that most of us achieve when we think we are looking natural for the camera. In case of women subjects he must give expert advice on makeup, and what materials and colors are most suitable to the lens. If you are planning a visit to the photographer's there are some pearls of wisdom in the words of George Hurrell.

HURRELL, Hollywood's youthful wizard with the still camera, can tell you plenty about the pleasures, or trials and tribulations of photographing screen notables. Hurrell has instructed nearly all of them to watch the birdie from Greta Garbo to Jackie Cooper. I heard a long time ago that Jackie Cooper ate his spinach without complaint. Now Hurrell tells me that Jackie doesn't wiggle when he's being photographed. That PROVES he's a prodigy.

To Hurrell's pleasant studio on Sunset Boulevard come the great and near great of filmland. In his exhibition window one week you see a new sitting of Gloria Swanson, the





This is George Hurrell himself and on these two pages and the next are his favorite portraits of his favorite sitters, Joan Crawford, Eddie Lowe, Jean Harlow, Loretta Young and Bob Montgomery

famous tilted nose waving in the breeze, figuratively speaking, you understand. The next week, likely as not, it will be Mary Pickford. Another week will be a striking study of Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, for Hurrell's camera catches other personalities than just the glamorous ones of the screen.

It isn't easy work. The average front rank star must be photographed from four to eight times a year, and he, or she, spends up in the thousands of dollars for this very thing alone. In an average sitting all the way from fifty to a hundred poses may be taken. There must

be almost that many, for each magazine and newspaper insists on exclusive studies. Then, too, the sitting taken in July must differ from the one made in March. Each picture must be striking, and the man behind the camera must remember that the public associates an aura of glamor and beauty with the stars. Beauty must not be sacrificed for a merely interesting or unusual camera study.

"SO, occasionally," said Hurrell, "it is pleasant to photograph a man like Wallace Beery. He knows he isn't handsome, and he doesn't worry about it. It's a photographer's

holiday when he comes into the studio.

"It's fun to work with him," he continued, "but try and get him to make an appointment. M-G-M has been trying to get him to come to my studio for two months, and he isn't here yet. He'd rather go to the dentists than to the photographers."

Hurrell thinks it's fun (and profitable, of course) to photograph the stars. But there are many things he must remember when a famous person enters his studio.

He knows, as an example, that lighting is vitally important in photographing Jean Harlow. A top light will exaggerate the fact that she has deep-set eyes, and, as a consequence, the cheeks will appear too full. And it is this same top light that brings out the lovely modeling in Joan Crawford's face. Both girls are beautiful, of course, but their facial construction differs. On the other hand if a light is placed incorrectly Joan's nostrils will appear larger than they really are. That is because the bridge of Joan's nose is so extremely slender that any glimpse of the nostrils seems large by contrast. That, Hurrell points out, is something for people with slender noses to remem-

If You Ever Want to Have Your Picture Taken, Read These Tricks of Hollywood's Most Famous Photographer



ber when they go to the photographer for a sitting.

He knows, too, that a top light on Myrna Loy tends to bring out her exoticism. The face flattens slightly, and the slant eyes are emphasized. Another light will make her lose most of that slightly Eurasian appearance. The studio knows that, too. In "When Ladies Meet" the exotic Loy lady had a different lighting than usual. Lights can make Myrna look like a slant-eyed foreign enchantress, or a typical American business girl.

He knows also that Helen Hayes almost goes to pieces when she faces a portrait camera. Before she can be photographed her nervousness must be overcome. It never ceases, however, to be a painful ordeal to her, and yet Helen is not difficult to photograph.

"I like a straight front photograph best with Helen Hayes," explained Hurrell. "Her charm lies in the whimsical something that is in her nature. Her eyes and mouth mean everything in a picture, and she has an exceedingly expressive face."

Expression and animation means everything, too, in a Robert Montgomery portrait. While he photographs well from almost any angle, it is expression that is important. Ramon Novarro is one of the few stars who can face a camera with a perfectly blank face and lose nothing, photographically, in the process. Not, of

course, that Ramon goes around all the time facing camera with a blank face just to prove it.

John Gilbert is an excellent subject, easily photographed from most angles, but that doesn't make John feel a bit more cheerful about going to the portrait studio.

"He fidgets and perspires when he sits for a portrait," smiled Hurrell, "and you can't keep him very long. He will stay for a certain time, reducing himself to a state of nervous collapse and then dash out of the gallery. 'That's enough,' he will say. 'I've got to go now.'"

And it will be months before he can be persuaded back. A photographer has to work fast while Gilbert is there. It's all a great big pain in the neck to Greta Garbo. She's

bored with the whole idea. She gives up the necessary amount of time to it because she must, but she is completely disinterested. She strikes her poses, doesn't appreciate suggestions, particularly, and shows no great interest in what the finished portrait looks like. From any angle Greta is equally lovely, and here is one star who is NOT two-faced. Her face does not change with different angles. So, if you have a Garbo face you're lucky.

Hurrell usually works with music. Of course this is just the old theory of stopping a baby's tears by allowing it to (Continued on page 74)



Hurrell wanted a certain background to photograph Norma Shearer against. Read what happened. Left and right, two of his nicest camera subjects, Franchot Tone and Mary Pickford



JOAN BLONDELL



Joan Blondell says she succeeds because she isn't beautiful. Then she has a charming picture like this taken proving her a little faker. Of course, there is a tender quality about Joan these days which probably springs from her own happy marriage to George Barnes, the ace cameraman. Watch this girl in "Footlight Parade." She's elegant

Johnnie Weissmuller Maureen O'Sullivan

Tightly clasped in each other's arms and undoubtedly thinking of John Farrow and Lupe Velez! That's love in the movies. But who cares so long as Johnny and Maureen are back together again as Tarzan and his Mate, looking so virile, so romantic and so very, very thrilling?



norma shearer

Returning gaily from her six months' European vacation, Norma Shearer is ready to resume her work again. M-G-M has [magnificent plans for her, "Marie Antoinette," "The Green Hat" and "Rip Tide" will be her next three productions. No divorce rumors about Norma. When anything threatens her home, as did the recent illness of Irving Thalberg, Norma stops being the actress and becomes only the devoted wife. Can this deep love of hers be the secret of her growing radiance and beauty which you can discern in this loveliest of her new portraits?





"I've got to have work," Mary said.
 "The boy I love needs it to live and I'm—
 I'm going to be a mother!"

PART II

I'VE killed a girl! . . .
 Oh, they'll never be able, on any police or court records, to write the word "MURDER" after my name on a docket. And yet, I tell you that for the rest of my life I'll have to live with the moral conviction that I killed Molly S—— just as certainly as though I'd put a bullet into her heart.

We knew Molly, we casting directors. She was one of the countless many who came, day after day, demanding work, then asking for work, finally begging for work. Blonde, pretty in an unexciting sort of way, utterly undistinctive. Her name was on every casting-list in town. She never seemed to get a job. They were scarce—but even so, she didn't have what it takes to click.

One afternoon, there she was again at the casting-window. She called to me. "Listen," she said; "I've got to talk to you today. Your assistant here won't do."

I nodded him aside, stepped to the window.

"Come closer," she said. "I've got to whisper." There was horror in her eyes today. A new intensity I'd never seen before. I found myself wondering what had happened, and telling myself that if she could be like this, there might be work for her. The flatness was gone.

"I've got to get work—today," she said through teeth that didn't part. I'd heard that before, told her so. "But this isn't a bluff," she went on. "I'm desperate. My—my baby's sick—I've no money. I tell you I'll kill us both if I don't find work today. . . !"

It was the first time I'd heard *she* was a mother but not the first time I'd heard that story. As sheer bluff, from girls who had no baby at all. I merely looked at Molly, grinned, said: "It's old stuff, kid. There's nothing today. Come back—next week, maybe."

"All right," she said, and a horrid grin twisted her lips. "You've told me 'no' for the last time. There'll be no next week for me." She left and I shrugged my shoulders, went back to my desk. Mentally, I resolved to try her out soon for a bit; if today was a sample, she *could* act, after all.

WELL—the rest of the tale is brief. But fiercely poignant. In next morning's newspaper, I saw her picture on one of the inside pages—a one-column cut, made from one of the very portraits I had on file. Soon as I saw the picture, I knew—had little need to read the brief story.

The afternoon before, they'd found her broken body lying at the foot of a huge electric sign in the Hollywood Hills. A real estate sign whose letters were several stories high, so they could be read at night from miles away. To the top of one of the towering letters the girl had climbed. Then she'd flung herself off.

I've tried to balance the scales, in a way, since then. I feel I've saved at least one other girl's life. And it was the memory of Molly S—— that caused it.

The circumstances were much the same in this case. Let's call the girl Mary. It doesn't matter. She's alive today, married, out of the picture-extra racket. But like Molly, she came to me one day with a similar tale. Amazing how often we hear them: "I've got to have work. The boy I love needs it for a chance to live. I'm—I'm going to be a mother. We've got to marry. But he has to find his health first."

This was less than a month after Molly's death. If it hadn't been for Molly, I'd have told Mary exactly what I told Molly that last day of her life. But the specter of that broken body was vivid before me. And so, even though there wasn't an extra job open and wouldn't be for days,

Confessions of a Casting Director

The Laughter, the Drama and the Tears That Lead to Stardom

by our schedule, I gave Mary a ticket, told her to report next morning on Stage 5 where Director L. was making a crowd scene.

Mary's eyes were full with tears as she left. Her voice was so choked, I couldn't understand the words of thanks she spoke. But when she'd gone, I stepped over to Stage 5, waited until the Director was free for a moment.

"Bill," I said to him; "Mary So-and-So is reporting here for work in the morning—"

"But I can't use her!" he exploded. "Can't put a new face in. Anyway, she's not the type. Anyway, what the hell."

"Keep your shirt on!" I flared. "I'm paying that girl's day-checks out of my own pocket, but she's never to know it. I've got fifty to spare. That'll give her ten days' work. If your schedule lasts, keep her on that long. It'll give her what she needs."

Bill never made a reply. Merely looked at me. Nodded. I went back to my office. Next day, a boy from his set came to me, handed me an envelope with a fifty-dollar bill in it. I called Director L's stage, got him on the wire.

"What do you mean, Bill? I said I'D pay the girl myself," I demanded.

"Sure, sure," he replied. "But let's pay her ten a day, instead of five, huh?"

So Mary worked ten days, got \$100. And she doesn't know to this day, I believe, that Director L's expertness managed it so that she was never quite in camera-range, never appeared in a scene, never interfered with the work of shooting that picture, even though she went through the ten days' work happily believing she was earning a \$10 check each day!

Well, now that I've dressed myself in wolf's clothing and in sheep's attire for you, let's get away from sob-stuff, and take a look at some other colors in the casting-office kaleidoscope. Of course, the stories those girls told me—Molly and Mary—are a sample of the sort of thing we casting directors get, day in and day out. Their sob-tales were just

another gag of getting into pictures. You'd be amazed at the schemes, the plots, the devices whereby women and men try to crash the casting office gateway into the films. . . .

Offhand, I'd rate the factors whereby individuals try to get in as follows: First, SEX! Second, sob-tales. Third, threats. Fourth, money. Fifth, influence. I'll give you examples of all—

You probably read, several months ago in MOVIE MIRROR, a story by Vina Delmar called "Hollywood Bad Girls." In it, Vina told of the girl who applied to a casting director, wearing a great fur coat. He told her to take it off, so he could judge her figure. She flung it open—revealed herself, as Miss Delmar wrote it, with "not even a garter. . . !" I know about that incident; the casting man was one of my close friends. A somewhat similar case took place in my own office.

IT was my private office. Because her name was well known, an actress from New York had secured an appointment. She wanted work in pictures. "But I haven't a rôle worthy of you," I told her. "Never mind," she said, "I want to crash pictures. I'll start at the bottom." I ran through my lists. "Here's something—but it's just chorus-girl stuff—half-stripped. Er—you wouldn't want. . . ?"

She stood up. She was wearing a brilliant green gown. I recall yet how it contrasted with her hair. She smiled. Then, with a single movement, she unwrapped the gown, clicked a button at the back, and stood before me like a marble statue against the green background that had been her dress.

It was dazzling. She turned, slowly, that I might judge her figure. I expected anything next. Instead, she replaced the dress as deftly as she'd taken it off, sat down again. The whole thing was a matter of fifteen to twenty seconds! I was still gasping.

"I invented it myself," she said, calmly. "The dress, I mean. After all, part of our stock (Continued on page 76)

The girl's huddled form lay cold and still upon the pavement



"**I** AM a stranger in Hollywood," Nils Asther said to me. He is.

This man, who is more incredibly handsome than any man these star-bedazzled eyes have ever seen or dreamt of seeing; this man who could have women, worshipful, at his feet, plucking their hearts as a strong hand plucks roses—this man lives alone, with his man servant, in a remote high hillside house back of Hollywood, where his tall head reaches to the stars.

And to this fastness come only some four or five close friends. No one knows the telephone number. No parties are given there. Few people know exactly where the house is.

His companions are Chief, the black stallion and a Great Dane dog. His intimates are books. Music speaks to him in place of women's voices. The people he talks with are the baker, the grocer, the rancher, the egg-farmer, the newsboy, the mechanic.

He said to me, as we were lunching together in the R-K-O commissary the other day "The older I grow the more I care to be with primitive people, people of simple tastes and quiet hearts. People who work with their hands and know the honest fabric of their own lives.

"The older I grow the more I care to live out of doors, to be under the sun the day long and under the moon the night long. I feel like pushing back the walls with my bare hands—the walls of houses which confine me; the walls of life which confine me, too. Should I change such things as these for the close hot air of the Cocoanut Grove and places like it—why? I have never been able to find a satisfactory answer to that 'why'."

I said "There is something strange about you Swedish people, it would seem—Garbo—you—both solitaires—who could have the world at your feet—"

"There is something *wrong* with me, no doubt," Nils said, "but it is something from within that makes me as I am—preferring to hear the running of waters to the blare of a jazz orchestra—preferring to walk on the mountain tops and along the wide beaches rather than to be cluttered and crowded on a dance floor. Preferring flowers and faithful beasts at my feet instead of those who crowd about a stranger to pay him homage they cannot really mean . . .

"For myself I am sorry that I am as I am. I would like to 'go Hollywood' as you call it. I mean, I would like to *want* to go. But I can't. I don't. 'I think I lost this appetite a long while ago. For a brief time, there in Sweden, before I came to this country I, too, as other men, frequented dance halls and gaming rooms and the boudoirs of lovely ladies. I tasted that life and the dregs were dry in my mouth. I went to be filled—with something, joy or exaltation or pride. I came away empty—always empty. I lost more than I gained. I was less than when I began.

"Then, I lost my first wife over there, you may remember. I left my youth there, perhaps, I lost my desire for lights and crowded pleasure places, for flirtation and all kinds of gambling. That phase of my life is over. *It will not come again.* Until—" Nils smiled, raising one eye-brow above the other as he does—"until, perhaps, I am middle-aged and reach the foolish stage."

* * *

Nils tried, when he married Vivian Duncan, to embrace again the life of

The Man Who Will Never Go Hollywood

"There is no thing and no person strong enough to separate those who belong together," says Nils when speaking of love





by
GLADYS
HALL

You Will Under-
stand More Clearly,
After Reading This,
Why Nils Asther Is
So Fascinating + + +

laugh-
ter and
gaiety and soci-
ability and "mixing."

It was like trying to
wed some little, effulgent
sun with the night-riding, soli-
tary moon.

"I had hoped that we would be successful" Nils told me. "It has been said that my mother was the cause of our separating. *There is no thing and no person on this earth strong enough to separate those who belong together.* We simply did not belong, Vivian and I. When people separate the causes are deep in the persons themselves. Neither persons nor places have anything to do with it. *Opposites do attract but the attraction is short-lived.*"

* * *

Nils said, "I spend the days when I am not working like this—and this will tell you, largely, why I do not 'go Hollywood'—I rise at seven or earlier. I work with my trainer for an hour or more. I eat a light breakfast out of doors—wearing my bathrobe or trunks. I always dress like this when I am at home, which is why I must always have a man servant. Always, everything I do is done out of doors. Even when I am working in the studio, as now, I step away from the stage the instant the scene is shot and walk up and down outside until I am called again. So, then, after my breakfast I walk over the hills, sometimes as much as thirty to forty miles in one day. This is a *necessary* thing to me, don't you see? It is the basic reason of why I do

not go Hollywood. *I must do the things that are imperative for me.* There isn't time for all things. One does the things that matter most to one's self. "Then, when I come home I have a swim and a rub-down. Perhaps it is time for luncheon and I have that. Alone. Then there is always a script to read, letters to write home. Then it is time for a cocktail. Sometimes, at this hour, two or three of my friends come in and join me. Sometimes I go to them. By this time it is the dinner hour which I eat, always alone. Then there is some music I must play or hear. And after that I go to bed and read—often until the dawn shows at the windows or in the sky. And always, I have the terrible thought of all the books there are to read which I shall never have time to know.

"These are my days and my nights.

"TIME—TIME—the *shortness* of time, the many things there are to do and the brief while there is to do them is the greatest tragedy I know. It is the ultimate tragedy of all men. And time passes so much more swiftly here in Southern California than anywhere else in the world. A day dies before it is born. The rapid cycling of the days is like the gentle, imperceptible whirring of a bird's wings.

"And so I do not 'go Hollywood' because there are so many things I want to do more—much, much more. There are so many books I want to read. Astronomy—I know nothing about it except what I think when I lie out on the hillside beneath the stars. But I *want* to know about it. I want terribly to know about it. So much so that the affairs, the scandals, the parties, the competitions of Hollywood are of no significance to me by comparison. There are so many places on this earth I want to see and know about. I keep thinking to myself 'Someday I will have time—soon, now—'

"I want to meet the great thinkers of the world, scientists, statesmen, writers, painters, musicians. I want to hear them talk. How *could* I go Hollywood, spend time that is so precious, when I have not time to read the stars, the music, the books, the minds I may never (Continued on page 77)

The Woman SPY

An RKO Picture
starring
CONSTANCE BENNETT

*From a story by Jane Murfin
Fictionized by Dorothy Emerson*

SHE was in a tight place. The ticket-seller, refused to give her a ticket.

"Sorry, Fraulein. We can take only gold or silver, no paper money accepted. It's orders."

"But I've got to get to Vienna . . . now, tonight."

Others in the line behind her were getting restive. Yet, because she was pretty, and in such distress (you could see it in her big blue eyes), he tried to soften his refusal.

"Sorry Fraulein, but Europe is mobilizing for war. Everything is upset. All tourists must leave Luxembourg. We cannot be responsible for their safety. Nobody knows what is going to happen. This train goes as far as Berne, but I can't take your paper money."

Carla, quick to feel his sympathy, began to plead; then she stormed: "I'll pay you twice the fare . . . three times . . . no? How dare you treat me so! I'll appeal to my personal friend, the Prime Minister . . .!"

It was no use. The man had his orders. He obeyed them.

Time was getting short. The big depot was filled with milling people, tourists, peasants . . . each one intent on his own dilemma. There was hysteria in the air. War! The word was in every mouth, in a dozen different languages.

No one knew how near, how immediate danger might be. But Carla was used to danger. She'd been bred to it, trained for it. Her charming face was that of a woe-begone child, but her head was coolly functioning. Perhaps the order had not gotten around the station. She tried the telegraph office. Nothing but gold or silver. Quick . . .

Her heart was breaking as she kissed this handsome stranger good-bye. She loved him and hoped that they would never meet again

a book stall . . . there, too! She was putting down the books she had pretended to want, when a pleasant, masculine voice said:

"If Mademoiselle would permit me to buy the books . . ."

She answered him absently: "No thanks, I didn't really want them. I was trying to get this note changed, to buy my ticket."

But she looked more closely at him as he continued: "I'll be glad to buy that too, if I knew where mademoiselle was going."

This was her way out! Automatically she swept him a smile, a dazzling smile, one of her best smiles, and he went on: "I'm going to Madrid."

"Charming place, full of antiquity and bull fights. But I happen to live in Vienna."

He was delighted. "So? Ein echtes Wiener kind! Well





The innocent looking little seamstress slipped a needle into the innocent looking little bobbin. But the needle held a secret code

why not go to Madrid? It's right on the way."

"Not my way, I'm afraid."

"Well, then, if it must be Vienna,

to Vienna we'll both go! It's my home, too. Wait a little while . . . I'll be right back."

He strode off, and Carla's eyes followed him quizzically. This wasn't going to be half bad. She had to get to Vienna before they tightened up the frontiers. Her passport would bear only so much investigation.

He came back triumphant with two tickets. She thanked him prettily: "I'm afraid I can't properly express my gratitude. You don't know what an embarrassing situation you saved me from."

"But think what I saved the Ticket Agent from! When the Prime Minister hears about his refusing to take paper money from a personal friend of His Excellency's . . .!"

They both laughed. Carla admitted it had been a feeble

THE CAST

Constance Bennett.....	Carla
Gilbert Roland.....	Rudi
Edward Ellis.....	Col. Lieber
Sam Godfrey.....	Franz
Lucien Prival.....	Erich
Mischa Auer.....	Mitika
Ben Hendricks.....	Probert
Leonid Snegoff.....	Private Muller
Evelyn Carter Carrington....	Frau Stengel

dodge. "But it was all I could think of at the minute!" she said.

Rudi wanted to tell her she was all he could think of at the minute. Oh, she was charming, this damsel in distress.

And Carla continued to charm him, through the long uncomfortable journey. He managed to find some supper for them. He saw to her luggage, he amused and diverted her, and . . . he fell in love with her. There, in the dusty, dirty, squalid, war-time train, Rudi realized what had happened to him.

IT was dawn when they reached the border and were ordered out, a motley mass of frightened, stranded people. Carla clung to Rudi. "Isn't there an automobile to be had, anywhere?"

"All commandeered, they say. We're just not meant to be separated. What do they call it? You know—Fate! You've heard of Fate?"

"Oh, yes, plays dirty tricks on you if you don't watch out." She was talking idly, her mind seeking a way out of the situation. She was unprepared for what he said.

"We're not talking about the same Fate. The one I mean is very kind. She suddenly

realizes here's a man who has travelled the world over looking for the girl of his heart, and without success. Just as he's given up the search . . ."

Her long lashes veiled her eyes. "Given up?"

"Well, practically given up. Fate takes him by the seat of his pants and boots him into a railroad station where he suddenly finds the lovely one he's been looking for."

"Threatening the Ticket Agent!"

"Yes, terrorizing him with what the Prime Minister will do to him. And now I'm going to find an automobile for us. I won't be five minutes. Even that's a long time. Do you think you should let me go away for so long, at a dangerous time like this, with war threatening?"

Suddenly, neither of them was jesting. She was in his arms. Strange blossoming of love, in the dark, in the rain, beside the railway, and stranger still his first question: "Darling, what's your name?"

But neither of them realized its humor. Only Carla knew that something was happening to her, that she must hold onto herself.

"I'll tell you all about myself when you come back. Good-bye, don't forget me while you're away."

"Don't say goodbye, even in a joke. And don't move from this spot. Don't get sick and die while I'm gone, will you?"

She watched him stride away in the rain, probably out of her life. For a long pause, she stood there and tried to pretend that she had a life of her own, Carla, "K 14," of the Allied Secret Service, one of those who serve without glory and without fame, pledged to her country in a closer, tighter bond than even a soldier knows.

He had been sweet. Many men had said "I love you" to her but this was the first one her heart had heard say it. Presently she shook herself with a little laugh. This was all very well, this delightful interlude, but she had work to do. He must not find her there when he returned.

Nor did he, for before he returned Carla had inveigled a peasant to take her and her bags into his smelly, old cart, and in it, she covered the first lap of her devious journey to Vienna.

Once there, she followed her orders to get a job as a singer in a cabaret where officers came for entertainment. But before she could accomplish much, she was arrested on suspicion. The message they were hunting for came to her hidden in a silver coin that

unscrewed, and passed undetected. Nevertheless, she knew her usefulness there was ended.

Later on, under orders she was a sewing girl in a cheap little tailoring shop, and had an even narrower escape. She was warned that the Austrian Secret Service were becoming more vigilant. And while they had not spotted her, several of her associates had been caught.

Danger, always danger, always she played a part. Not "played" a part. For a while she lived as a real cabaret girl, as a humble seamstress. It was the secret of her amazing success as a spy, this ability of hers to submerge herself in character.

Her immediate superior in the service congratulated her: "You are either very lucky, or very clever."

"Why, Colonel Ivanoff," she boasted. "I'm not only the



Carla stopped to buy chocolates of a gypsy peddler and suddenly realized he was giving her the signal that her life was in danger

"You must leave at once to save your life," the gypsy said. "I can't, I can't" moaned Carla. "I've found the man I love once more"



best agent you've got. I'm also your second best."

"I only hope your luck holds out," he grunted, and gave her an assignment that made even Carla wince.

"It's true I've been a nurse—but this. Can I get by, do you think?"

"Good luck, my dear!" was his only answer.

SO Carla took up still another rôle. She became Nurse Schontag at the Austrian base hospital in Tarnoff, twelve miles behind the lines. For weeks she worked as only a war-time nurse must; days without sleep in the horror and stench of the hospital; with always the boom of the guns to rasp the nerves and the unspoken fear of an air-raid.

Once in a while she remembered the way she had come to Austria, a charming voice asking, "May I buy the books, Mademoiselle?" She remembered that kiss, under the falling rain, beside the railroad station. Where was he now? Somewhere in this war. But she had little time for this. Her quiet checking-up must go on, a word from this patient, a guess from something an orderly said, her own observant, trained eyes. Bit after bit of important information she contrived to piece together and send on. For a long time she was able to get it out of Tarnoff in an amazing way:

She wrote her messages in invisible ink on a page of a book of poetry. With the book, and some others, under her arm, she went—to have her hair washed! Carla, just a pretty nurse with some books, perhaps for a patient, walked

search was rewarded for he had found the message. "And now," he says, "we will lay K 14 by the heels, wherever he is, and it's not far from here. First, that chap we caught with this, will lead us to their post-office."

That evening, Carla had word of troop movements that must be gotten through. She prepared another book of poetry and was on her way out of the little inn where she lived, when a man's laugh made her pause.

She peered down into the tap-room where the officers congregated. Surely she had been mistaken. No! There Rudi was . . . even after two years, unmistakably the same. She would know that dark, attractive face, and those well-shaped shoulders among a thousand. She had last seen that back disappearing into the rain, at that little frontier town.

For a moment, Carla the woman fought with K 14, the spy. It was better to dodge him. No, she'd stay where she was and let him see her. He would speak. She would hear his voice. Fate took the decision from her, for he had seen her and came hurrying over.

"It is you, isn't it?" There was such genuine pleasure in the eager question.

"Yes, it's me."

"I knew I'd find you. Why did you run away that night?"

"Self preservation."

"I don't understand."

"You are modest as well as handsome, Herr Captain."

"I wish I could believe I was that dangerous, to you."

"You can. I was really afraid of you. You were much too fascinating. So I ran away while I still wanted to. Don't you believe me?"

One of the officers she knew interrupted them.

"Good evening, nurse. I see you two know each other."

"Know each other!" Rudi beamed. (Continued on page 81)



"How could she have escaped?" Rudi demanded. "She is the cleverest of all Russian spies and you have let her slip away!"

Rudi hoped that in some way the things he knew about Carla could be proven false. If not, he must issue her death warrant

demurely down the village street and mounted the stairs to the hair-dressing parlor. On the way up she stopped to tie her shoe-lace, stopped on the fourth step, and of course, put down the books she carried. No one could see a panel open in the riser of the step and a hand draw in the top book. The shoe attended to, Carla picked up her books and went on up. Quite safe, no suspicion, this clever "post-office" where information could be received and passed on, served Carla well.

But the Austrian Secret Service had not been idle. One day, a book passed from hand to hand, as usual, but there was a weak link in the chain. Later in the day, Captain Ritter, Austrian counter-espionage officer, leafed it over in his office, trying it out for ciphers or invisible ink. His





MOVIES of the M

IT'S a gay and singing month for you in the movies. You must hear Bing Crosby's songs in "Too Much Harmony" and Lilian Harvey's songs in "My Weakness" and all the songs in "Footlight Parade." They are that elegant! You'll want to see little Harvey, too. She promises to be a very controversial star. There are some grand performances, too, that you mustn't miss: Charles Laughton in "Henry, the VIII"—one of the finest performances we've ever seen; Chevalier's in "The Way to Love"; Eddie Horton's in the same opus; Alice Brady in "Stage Mother"; Gene Raymond in "Brief Moment" (how that lad is coming up!); Jimmy Cagney—and can he hoof!—in "Footlight Parade." The average on movies is distinctly on the up. Almost every picture we've pre-viewed this month we can recommend highly and without reservation. Not a single one is really bad.

✓✓ My Weakness (Fox)

You'll See: Lilian Harvey, Lew Ayres, Charles Butterworth, Sid Silvers, Harry Langdon and Henry Travers.
It's About: A modern Cinderella.

Forget about plot and construction when you go to see this one and you're in for a pleasant evening's entertainment. What it lacks in story value, is made up in beautifully staged dancing numbers, clever songs and fast comedy.

Lilian Harvey shows up to the best advantage in her song numbers. This rôle does not give her the dramatic possibilities of some of her foreign-made productions. But she is utterly charming. Women will love her beautiful costumes. And the men won't exactly complain, at the overabundance of Elinor Glyn's unknown quantity (or is it quality?).

The cast is excellent—Harry Langdon in his rôle of Dan Cupid. Charles Butterworth of the deadpan and Lew Ayres, a bit colorless, but very pleasant. Of course, you know that Lilian will get her man. Take a wealthy son like Lew Ayres and a pretty chambermaid like Lilian Harvey and put them under one roof. There's only one result—in the movies anyway.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means see it. Especially if you happen to need cheering up.

For Children: Take them along. Perhaps, a bit over their heads, but they'll be amused.

✓✓ Footlight Parade (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Claire Dodd, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and hundreds of girls.

It's About: A boy who stages prologues for the movie houses, another boy and girl in love, back stage intrigue and the usual mix-up that means musical comedy plot.

"42nd Street," "Gold-diggers of 1933" and now "Footlight Parade." Warners made all three of them and made one to top the other. "Footlight Parade" is the same formula that made the other two such smashes, girls, dances, songs and laughs, plus a much better story, better acting and the biggest, most smashing climax ever seen on the screen. It is musical comedy raised to the heights and if you don't get your money's worth out of this, you are just an old meanie who couldn't be happy if you discovered an oil well in the front yard.

Jimmy Cagney is the dance director who nearly goes mad thinking out new ideas for prologues. Joan Blondell is his devoted and unappreciated secretary. Ruby Keeler—getting

better every picture—is the shy violet who steals the important show. Dick

You'll want to stand up and cheer "Midshipman Jack" with Bruce Cabot and Betty Furness





These cuties and that cutest girl of all, Lilian Harvey, are in "My Weakness," a grand picture

MONTH

Powell is Dick Powell and very nice that is, too. All of them are swell but it is the dance numbers that make the picture. "By a Waterfall" for sheer magnificence will pull you right out of your chair.

Your Reviewer Says: This is a smash. It's gay, delightful and thrilling.

For Children: You bet.

✓✓ Too Much Harmony (Paramount)

You'll See: Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Lili Allen, Lili Tashman, Harry Green, Ned Sparks, Kitty Kelly, Jack Oakie's Mother, Henry Armetta.

It's About: Love and heartbreak behind the scenes of musical shows.

Yes—that's trite-sounding, isn't it? You're about to say: "Oh, another backstage musical?" But don't be too fooled. Because it's one of the very good ones—thanks to a knock-out performance by Jack Oakie, who mixes laughs and sobs as the boy who sacrifices his own love to make the girl happy with another, and Bing Crosby's crooning.

The story is about a vaudeville trio, small-timers until a big star (Bing) falls for the girl, wants her in his show, has to bring her partners along. One of them,

For those who like mysteries, "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case" with Warner Oland and Heather Angel, is excellent fanfare

Oakie, loves the girl, too. Enough to make love to the star's girl in order to free Bing to marry Jack's girl.

Delightful bit: Jack Oakie, posing as a Southern gentleman, doing dialect stuff. Fine music: "All the World Is Singing Booboo," and "Thanks" and "Black Moonlight." Gorgeous dance number: "Bucking the Wind."

Your Reviewer Says: This will give you a fine hour's entertainment.

For Children: Plenty to amuse them.

✓✓ The Private Life of Henry, the VIII (United Artists)

You'll See: Charles Laughton, Robert Donat, Lady Tree, Binnie Barnes, Elsa Lanchester, Merle Oberon, Franklin Dyall, Miles Mander, Wendy Barrie, Claude Allister, John Loder.

It's About: Henry, the VIII, his life, his wives and love.

Don't think you are fed up with historical films. Don't be afraid of a film you know was made in England for fear it may be slow and dull. Don't be scared by an almost unknown cast. Don't, don't, don't let anything keep you from seeing this picture, for if you do, you will miss the greatest entertainment treat of your life.

Yes, those are big words, but this reviewer means

If you've never had Chevalieritis, "The Way to Love" will give it to you. And to Ann Dvorak goes honorable mention





You simply can't afford to miss Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIII." It's tremendous!



"Brief Moment" will keep you entertained. Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond head the cast



An unusually breath-taking murder story is "The Solitaire Man" aided by the performances of Herbert Marshall and Elizabeth Allan

every word of them. This is history and far back in the past but so fine is the production, so glowing and warm are the performances that you live in those days, you share the laughter and the tears, the romance and the intrigues of true adventure.

The story, of course, is about that mighty monarch who defied church and state to marry many women and of the comedy, romance and heartbreak that entailed.

Charles Laughton is magnificent as Henry and so, too, are each of the wives. When lovely Anne Boleyn goes to the block while Henry makes love to his newest favorite, the emotional intensity is terrific.

Your Reviewer Says: See this by all means. It is a picture which has everything—laughter, tears, heart throbs, glamour.

For Children: Yes, if they are high school age. It will make history alive to them.

✓✓ "The Way to Love" (Paramount)

You'll See: Maurice Chevalier, Ann Dvorak, Edward Everett Horton, Minna Gombell, Nydia Westman, John Miljan, Blanche Frederici, Sidney Toller, others.

It's About: The adventures of a gay, lovable, easy-going Frenchman, who is a walking advertisement for a photographer. His ambition is someday to be a guide and wear a uniform. He gets this, a girl and plenty of excitement.

Thank you, Director Norman Taurog, for bringing back the old Chevalier. It's been many pictures since he has appeared more delightful, more entertaining and filled to overflowing with that lovable quality that originally endeared him so to his audiences.

This writer caught the first sneak preview in Santa Barbara, where Maurice, riding home, narrowly escaped death in an automobile accident.

Chevalier gives this picture every ounce of his contagious personality. And there's a dog in it, whose scenes with the Frenchman are pathetically reminiscent of the earlier Chaplin comedies.

You'll come away wanting to see more of Edward Everett Horton. Ann Dvorak has to look unhappy most of the time. But happy or sad, Ann is very capable, and incidentally, growing more lovely in every picture.

Nydia Westman, as a virginal maid who screams and

slaps the nearest person, every time she hears the word "marriage," is grand but it's all Chevalier who more than proves that he doesn't have to have a boudoir, in this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss it.

For Children: It's grand entertainment and they probably won't get the few things that are suggestively subtle.

✓✓ "The Bowery" (20th Century)

You'll See: Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray, Pert Kelton.

It's About: The good old days when New York had corner saloons and Steve Brodie jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge.

If this is a sample of future productions, the newly-organized 20th Century Productions, are going to give us our money's worth. This picture starts off with a bang and keeps banging until the final close-up. It is melodrama, comedy, and romance all in one.

From a historical standpoint, it will warm the hearts of audiences to see the famous Bowery basking in its early-day glory. The settings, costumes and dialogue are strikingly authentic. And the casting director should come in for a plug on this one. With hundreds of extras and tough-looking bit players in individual close-ups, there was nary a Hollywood face, so familiar in these rôles.

Wallace Beery as Chuck Connors has never been better. And how he does get your sympathy! George Raft as Steve Brodie, at last has a chance to prove that he really can act as well as look menacing. Mrs. Cooper's little boy Jackie is growing up. His great flair for acting is touched with sophistication. But the scene where he comes back to Chuck Connors after he is down and out, caused genuine weeping in the preview audience just the same.

Fay Wray was sweet, charming and beautiful as all good women are on the screen. Hers is the only touch of gentility

on the picture. The other extreme is Pert Kelton. She puts over her numbers in a Mae West way that's great.
Your Reviewer Says: Don't dare miss it. You owe it to yourself to see it.
For Children: Certainly not.

✓ "Ann Vickers" (RKO)

You'll See: Irene Dunne, Walter Huston, Conrad Nagel, Bruce Cabot, Edna May Oliver, Sam Hardy, Gertrude Michael, Mitchell Lewis.

It's About: A woman who is disillusioned by love and tries to find happiness through a career.

You may or may not have liked Sinclair Lewis' "Ann Vickers." But it is a cinch that you will be touched and thrilled by Irene Dunne's performance of this rôle. She makes Ann so truly intelligent, but withal so feminine, so sincere, that things about the book character which antagonized certain readers are softened in the picture

through this actress' finer interpretation and artistry. The picture starts with Ann in wartime and her first meeting with the soldier (Bruce Cabot) who loves and betrays her. Later you see her in the prison sequences, which are beautifully done, and finally finding her way to freedom through her love of a better and stronger man.

This reviewer saw "Ann Vickers" before it had passed the censors. Whether or not you will see its more daring scenes is up to them. They would make your grandmother's hair stand up, yet they are done so sensitively there is no offence in them. But they are unconventional, certainly.

Dunne makes it all her picture. Edna May Oliver as the doctor, is excellent. Walter Huston as the judge is miscast but pleasing. Bruce Cabot plays another cad so charmingly you automatically forgive him. But the picture for all their work, remains Irene Dunne's. She has never been finer.

Your Reviewer Says: This is adult, moving drama, a little more suited, probably, to women than men.

For Children: They won't know what it's about, or care.

✓ The Solitaire Man (M-G-M)

You'll See: Herbert Marshall, May Robson, Mary Boland, Lionel Atwill, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes, Robert McWade, Lucille Gleason.

It's About: A murder is solved in an airplane cabin over the English Channel.

Crying for "something different? Well, here's your answer—and at the same time, one of the most suspenseful pictures you'll see in a long, long time. The story: In an airplane flying across the Channel are six people. One is a famous crook called "The Solitaire Man" who's on his way to live in decency forever.

Another is a police spy, himself a murderer, out to "get" the Solitaire Man. The other passengers, save one, play deep rôles in the conflict between these two.

In such a small space, there's little room for action, save of that mental, emotional sort that confines itself within little space, yet covers much. You'll sit, as did a preview audience, half-breathless as you watch the battles of wit, mind, crime-sharpened keenness, until at last, the murderer is exposed and the Solitaire Man (a Raffles type for whom you (Continued on page 79)

There are many laughs and a few tears in "Stage Mother," an excellent picture with Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan



"Too Much Harmony" leaves you humming Bing Crosby's songs. And Judith Allen, Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher are swell.

A better picture might have been chosen for June Knight's debut than "Ladies Must Love," but it's adequate.





Dolores Del Rio wanted to be completely modernized for the many interesting reasons that are given here. The first thing she did was bob her hair. Presto! she was a changed personality. We like it, do you?

Little Dorothy Wilson almost failed. Things were looking very dark indeed. Then she cut her hair, with the most amazing results. Maybe that's why she's back to work in "Eight Girls in a Boat" for Paramount



Do you want to do your hair at home, or know how to make any hat becoming? Alice White and Claudette Colbert give you some grand tips here. Read their directions carefully and you simply can't miss

Tricks from the Stars on how to make Your Crowning Glory a Crowning Triumph

Hair- Raising Ideas



DOLORES DEL RIO has just returned to the screen after a year's vacation. She came back with something new to offer. When as beautiful a woman as Del Rio cuts her shimmering black hair for the first time there must be an interesting reason. There is! She had to choose between remaining a classic, Latin type and becoming a fiery, modern beauty. It was her hair which told the story. No advice from others was needed; Dolores Del Rio thinks for herself, always. Del Rio says that every girl must be modern, especially an actress. She believes that long hair keeps girls from indulging in various sports, such as tennis, swimming and golf. Long hair hampers these sports and doubles the effort because it gets in the way. Long hair *types* one. Short hair doesn't do this because it can be arranged in various ways, according to one's mood, attire or characterization. She dreaded cutting her hair, but she loves it now and wishes she had done it long before. But she took plenty of time to make up her mind. That is the secret of any beauty step . . . thoughtful consideration first, action second!

MIRIAM JORDAN became Mimi Jordan at the last click of the barber's shears! When her shorn locks destroyed her cold, stately type of beauty she was far more in demand in Hollywood than she had been one short hour before. She was *too perfect*, too difficult to cast. Those who wanted to see her conquer Hollywood insisted that she "go modern" so she took their advice. She thought it was a ridiculous piece of business, but she took a chance. She says now it was ridiculous to be afraid of changing her type. She says girls shouldn't be timid about such things . . . that almost any premeditated change is for the best!

LITTLE Dorothy Wilson has cut her hair too! She admits that she "hopes it isn't too late!" You younger girls who may have felt as Dorothy Wilson did about "liking to be different" had better take a tip from her. She was *too different*. She couldn't wear the kind of hats today's young girl should wear; she couldn't be as versatile as she wanted to be. She began to be suspicious of those who said: "Oh, don't ever cut your beautiful hair!" Working at Columbia in "Above the Clouds," Dorothy confided in Richard Cromwell that she had a strange desire to

cut her hair and Dick Cromwell said "go ahead, it would be swell!" She did . . . and it was . . . and the cluster of curls on Dorothy's neck may save her from going back to her typewriter, for news spreads quickly in Hollywood and there is a lot of talk about the *new* Dorothy Wilson! See how important such things are?

JOAN CRAWFORD is cleverly subtle about changing her type to suit her mood. She does it in original little ways which are always being copied in Hollywood. For instance, she has bangs "on call." With certain costumes, she wears them in a soft fringe across her forehead. The rest of the time they are combed back and become invisible.

Joan started another amusing little hair fad not so long ago in a most innocent manner. During a rehearsal, the top wave of her long bob kept falling across her face . . . it annoyed Joan, so she said: "I'll fix you . . . I'll braid you!" And lo! a new Hollywood coiffure was born. Even Bette Davis is wearing that top-knot braid down the left side of her blonde head and with those jaunty little hats Bette always affects it is very amusing and different. "Thanks, Miss Crawford!"

LOOK at Mae West's hair. She always has lavish "hair-do's" in pictures, but

finds that a very simple, long bob allows her to arrange her hair in whatever fashion her picture characterization demands. She has her hair waved every day, but wears it in simple soft waves with very little curl in the ends. It suits her perfectly in spite of the fact that it is actually a very un-Mae West sounding coiffure.

HELEN TWELVETREES depends on her hair to help her "get her man!" She says she simply cannot vamp with her hair around the neck . . . so she piles it high on her head in an imitation of a Grecian knot, with her ears well in evidence and goes to work! In "My Woman" her current Columbia picture she shows us how very successful this process is . . . but the hair comb is all-important.

LORETTA YOUNG uses several types of hairdress to suit her various rôles. She feels very young and unsophisticated when she puts her soft, shining curls behind her ears. This, of course, is entirely (Continued on page 73)

MOVIE MIRROR

will be glad to answer any questions you may have about beauty or fashions. Do you want to know what colors to wear, how to improve your skin, how to do your hair? Write Mildred Duncan, MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and Miss Duncan will gladly give you her advice.



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 31)



fingers spread wide with long red cellophane finger-nails attached. Her name is printed in red letters, one letter of "Texas" above each finger. After dashing off her note, she signs the repressed billboard by dashing her name all the way across the bottom of the page with a thick red pencil. None too refined but very legible.

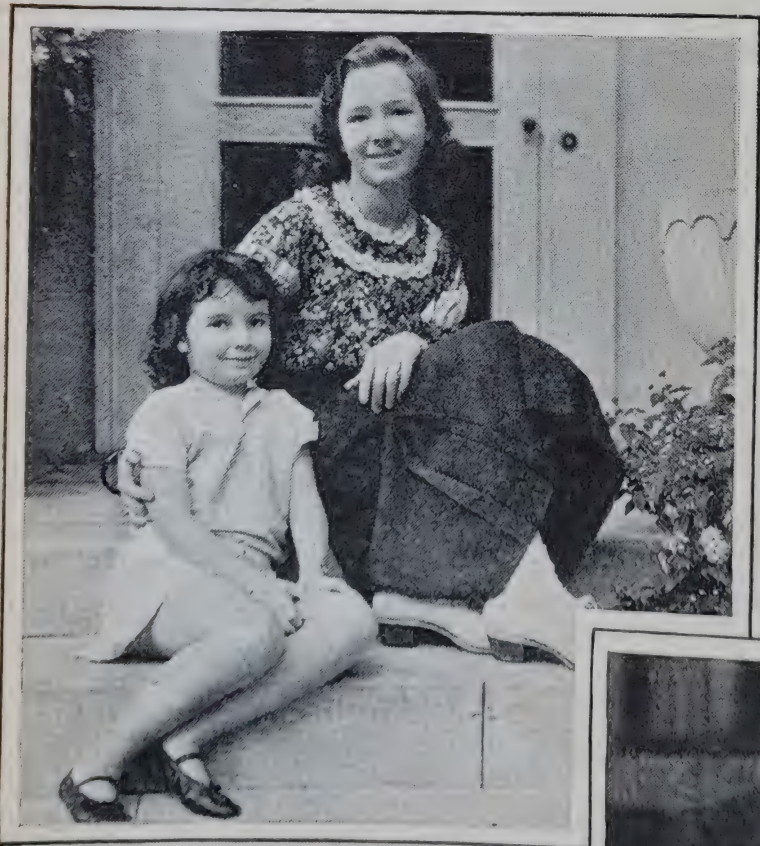
David Manners was being banished from Rome in "Roman Scandals." The emperor was giving him the Roman raspberry, a mental kick in the toga and had just said, "You are to leave Rome at once." The curled Manners was raising his head to reply when the four o'clock whistle blew over in the carpenter shop. Eddie Cantor, who was on the side-lines and thinking about going home, yelled to Manners, "Hurry up, for the love of Pete, there goes the boat now."

The United Artists' studio doctor was called on the stage. Someone had passed out. He unpacked his professional air, ran over and saw a person stretched out on a bed. He broke a capsule of ammonia under the patient's nose and waited, hoping for the best. He didn't have long to wait. The patient reared up out of bed, surprise written in moscovite letters on her stellar face. He had made a mistake

and given the ammonia to Anna Sten, Samuel Goldwyn's new Russian bomb. She had been working in bed in the scene and was relaxing, recharging her battery for the next effort. The doctor collected his medicated wits and found the legitimate swoon.

The usually morose Miss Sten laughed long and loudly much to the surprise of the company. An executive who was on the stage at the time went over to the doctor and said, "Will you please bring a capsule every morning and break it under Sten's nose? This is the first time she has laughed since we started the picture."

There is a game called Murder to be played on dull evenings. Guests choose cards, the one drawing the ace of spades being the murderer. Then the district attorney is chosen, not by card but for intelligence, a difficult task at most gatherings. After these preliminaries the lights are turned out and the murderer mills around, selects his victim



That cute baby, Cora Sue Collins, has been awarded the little girl role in "Queen Christina." Even Garbo praises her. With Cora Sue here is Madge Collins, her big sister

They rule the air waves, this bunch, Lou Clayton, Ruth Etting, Jimmy Durante, Jack Oakie, and Rubinoff sans violin going on the air from Hollywood for Chase and Sanborn

And everywhere that Mr. Chaplin goes, Paulette Goddard is sure to follow. In this instance they are at the tennis matches with Paulette having a big bottle of soda pop



and chokes him, often with malice aforethought. The future corpse then screams, partly from pain in these days of long finger-nails. Then the lights are turned on and the district attorney swings into action. Everyone but the murderer is sworn to tell the truth.

All went well at one party till the lights were turned on. The victim had screamed and the murderer had removed himself away from the scene of slaughter. With the light came a surprise. There were two corpses stretched out in the best gangster style. The official corpse opened one eye to glance at the rival cadaver and found Dorothy Mackaill, feet in the fireplace, thoroughly dead. The game went completely off the track when the district attorney found it necessary to question the corpses instead of the murderer. After much bickering the resurrected stiff finally came to terms and Mackaill admitted that her death was her own idea, just to make the game more difficult. That ended the evening's entertainment. The party lapsed back into its coma.

The silent Garbo goes for solitary walks even in the studio, down back streets and through deserted alleys. On one of these jaunts, her hat pulled down over her eyes and her mind dreaming of all the nice smoked herrings she had left behind in Sweden, Garbo suddenly looked up and found that she had walked into a street scene. Jean Harlow, looking like an over-exposed snapshot, was emoting on the pavement. Greta was wearing her picture clothes, the man's suit and crush hat which she wears in "Queen Christina." When she discovered herself in the middle of the crowd she did a typical Garbo, pulled her hat even

more over her scowling eye-brows and stalked on, thinking dark Scandinavian thoughts.

The tourists who were watching Miss Harlow's scene showed not even a flicker of interest in the gaunt figure that walked by, utterly oblivious that the Great Greta had been within autograph distance.

Guests who drop in at Harold Lloyd's beach house on Sunday expecting an elaborate lunch get badly fooled. As servants seem to resent being told at the last moment that there are ten extra people for lunch, the Lloyds hit upon the idea of a hot dog stand. It is built at one end of the deck-porch facing the ocean and is complete even to mustard and pickles. Atlantic City would be green with envy if it could

Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, just like Mr. and Mrs. Anybody Anywhere love to go to the movies at night. Here they are paying their way into the Fox Westwood Village Theatre where the stars love to go

There's a story in these columns about this signing of Baby Le Roy's contract. It will amuse you



When Jack Oakie saw his mother off on the train for her personal appearance tour with Jack's picture in the East, Maurice Chevalier was along

see the speed with which the dogs are kenneled on the Pacific Coast. One always knows just who has a date later that day. That one doesn't take onions.

A very elaborately costumed chorus number was being filmed on one of the sound stages at Warner's studio near Burbank. That is one of the hottest spots this side of Hades. An automatic fire-extinguishing system is installed on all their stages, turning on in case of fire when a certain degree of heat (Continued on page 90)

SPEAK for YOURSELF



Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—\$20 first prize; \$10 second prize, five prizes of \$1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars, or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Three little Paramounters show you how to stay warm in the cold, cold country. They are Gail Patrick, Lona Andre and Verna Hillie, as cute and tricky as their names

\$20 PRIZE LETTER

Altogether They Make Up the Public

Poets, living lives of quiet beauty, rebel in the dark precincts of the theatre and crave the sensational, the weird and the morbid. "The Wax Museum."

Underdogs, reeking with the suffocating atmosphere of their rotten environment, love tender tales of delicate beauty. "Adorable."

Businessmen, giants of big business and industrial enterprise beam over pictures of silk garters and abbreviated bathing suits with their throbbing contents of feminine beauty. "The Kid from Spain."

Lovers, satisfied with living their own gay moments and kiss-clinches, enjoy good clean pictures. "Cavalcade."

Imbeciles, who have never known the thrill of responsibility, are awed by heavy philosophical stories. "The Man Who Played God."

Comedians, good-natured people with a sense of humor, can see the good in the bad and the bad in the good, and come out of a million moving picture houses just as they went in—good natured.

Wm. A. Oldfield, Montreal, Canada.

\$10 PRIZE LETTER

"The Stranger's Return"

Busted, disgusted and distrusted, I wandered into a movie to forget my troubles. The picture was "The Stranger's Return." Before I realized it, I found myself amidst green pastures and cool waters, and a tranquil peace such as I had not felt in many years, settled over my troubled spirit.

The charm of that picturesque countryside brought me back to the days of my youth and I was Franchot Tone, whistling at early dawn, amid the fields of new-mown hay.

Ravishing Miriam Hopkins might have been the same country sweetheart with whom I used to roam down the shady lanes before "big money" lured me to the city and then ruthlessly landed me into the ranks of the unemployed.

Well, I left "The Stranger's Return" with a definite purpose in mind. Here was another stranger who would return to help the old folks on the farm, for the good old earth had never denied me a living. It made me realize that I've always been a "country" boy at heart.

Joseph Miller, Charlotte, North Carolina.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Detective Reports

I, Detective Casey, make the following report on picture stealers and sentence them to stardom.

Pert Kelton . . . for stealing "Bed of Roses" from the temperamental Connie Bennett. Pert, a vaudeville star, Mae Wests convincingly and cops every scene in which she appears. Her drawl just got me.

Frances Fuller . . . a marvelous performer in "One Sunday Afternoon" takes away the picture from Gary Cooper who was at his best. She is sweet of face, honey of voice and presents a combination of Helen Hayes, Mary Brian and Sydney Fox in one.

Baby Leroy . . . in "A Bedtime Story" steals the show from Maurice Chevalier. Little Leroy is the whole picture—little as he is.

Casey E. Cieslak,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER

Wary of Imitations

Why is it that most of the stars are developing dramatic personalities—and are more often than not getting the breaks?

It seems that all of the latest actresses are adopting either the Crawford or Garbo line. Some have succeeded—some have not. Just because they are successes is no proof that the public wants only their type. The studios are being overrun with them, and if it keeps up, even they will cease to please.

Give me the everyday, ordinary personality—a girl who is happy, sad, sinful, or good, the kind of girl Clara Bow portrays.

I am sure I am not alone in wishing for an entirely new and original type.

Marion Jebb, New Salem, N. D.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER

Arliss—Master of Movies

I go to the theatre to see: Eddie Cantor when I want to laugh, the four Marx brothers when I want to scream, Adolphe Menjou as the typical suave gentleman of the drawing room, Al Jolson when my lachrymal glands are full, Ramon Novarro for handsome-

Clara Bow in the very first still from her newest picture "Hoopla," in which she plays a circus performer. At Clara's left is Director Frank Lloyd; at her right, actor Williard Robinson. The three of them are having hot dogs for luncheon

ness plus good acting, the Barrymores for snobbish, yet unique performances, Bing Crosby for voice, Greta Garbo for beauty and mystery, Mary Brian for appealing innocence and simple sweetness, Mae West for whoopee. But, ah! when I want to view the spectacle of a finished, polished performance—I go to see the magnificent, the artist supreme and Master of Movies . . . Arliss!

Samuel W. Jennings,
Muskogee, Oklahoma.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER

Cinema Cinderellas

Up rolls the pumpkin coach—excuse me, the Rolls Royce, and out steps Cinderella. We, the public, love that sort of thing. Count up the Cinema Cinderellas you know!

The public demands its fairy tale; so Cinderella must have not only glass slippers, but a glass house to live in. We take command of her and become relentless dictators. We may not bother so much about her marriages and divorces; but we are strict about her diet and her smart clothes. She must please us—or else!

She adds variety, interest and color to our own flat-wash monotonous life.

From poverty, obscurity, or insignificance, Cinderella sweeps glitteringly across the screen, and we are enchanted. The movie magazines take an unparalleled part in creating the rôle of Cinderella. Its influence is incalculable; it is the music to which she steps across the stage. And we love it.

Mrs. E. Cox, Jr.,
Ahoskie, N. C.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER

Symbols

As modern art aims to avoid the photographic and contemporary writing seeks to

penetrate, so the screen artists appear now to project their personalities as ideas rather than visions.

For instance, is not Joan Crawford the idea of restless femininity, Norma Shearer a law of immaculate order, Janet Gaynor the expectancy in every romance, Garbo depth? Helen Hayes' mobile face expresses sympathy and response. Jean Harlow's *raison d'être* is not for the ascetic. Mary Pickford became loved for depicting virtue with charm.

Beauty appears almost incidental while expression, that appertains to our experience, seems essential.

Valerie Jeans,
Chicago, Illinois.

La Hepburn's "Morning Glory"

I have just seen Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory" and am still under the spell of those long tender eyes and the poignant wistfulness of that strangely enchanting unbeautiful mouth.

In her latest offering, surrounded by a distinguished cast, Miss Hepburn truly scales the heights. The promise of greatness that breathed through her performance in "A Bill of Divorcement" reaches a rich maturity in this stirring picturization of a stage-struck small town girl in quest of fame on Broadway. The vivid, intense Eva Lovelace of the film is a character that runs the gamut of emotions, playing upon the heartstrings a rhythm of laughter and tears.

The final bitter sweet triumph is a highspot of brilliant dramatic acting and direction, one that sends you away carrying in mind that glorious vision of Hepburn sheathed in silver, crying out those last heartbroken, challenging words that somehow seem so real . . . so real.

Olga J. Daste,
New Orleans, La.

(Continued on page 92)



Rumble-Seat Husbands

(Continued from page 33)

Mike at openings, gives statements to reporters; you must be ready at all times to summon up an expression of connubial bliss for the lens hounds—even though wifey has thrown the cocktail shaker at you ten minutes before; unless you're a millionaire you will probably have to reconcile yourself to the fact that your wife is making five to ten times as much money as you; and unless your business is in Hollywood and leaves you free to accompany her on location trips you'll have to face the long distance marriage problem. Well? Can you take it?

The Ames-Cabot-Ames triangle is one of the darnedest situations Hollywood has seen in some time. When, with Stephen Ames in New York and Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot mooning publicly at every opportunity, an inspired press agent thought up the gag that Bruce had been approved as an escort by the absent Ames, the yarn made every magazine and newspaper in the country. When, later, Ames came to Hollywood to visit his wife, the two were never seen in public without their "mutual" buddy, Bruce. The merry little threesome appeared everywhere. Divorce rumors were persistently denied by all three until the very moment that Adrienne boarded the plane for Reno.

OVER in Berlin Baron Ernst von der Decken is probably wondering whether he'll be able to take it or not. He's not a full-fledged rumble-seat husband yet, for Baroness von der Decken's first Hollywood picture has not yet been released. She is, you see, Dorothea Wieck. But judging from her performance in "Maedchen in Uniform" she's very likely to be the next Hollywood sensation.

Rather an important person in Berlin, this Ernst von der Decken—novelist, editor and head of the city's most important radio station. But if Dorothea Wieck's star takes its place in the Hollywood firmament he'll be just another forgotten man to the movie fans of the world.

Rising rapidly in our forgotten legion and likely to wind up as commander-in-chief, is a man named, with ironic aptness, Smith. Chauffeur of the car whose rumble-seat is occupied by Legionnaire Smith is a young American girl named Katharine Hepburn, who bids fair to give the foreign exotics lessons in glamor—and acting, too, for good measure.

Mr. Smith—Mr. Ludlow Smith to give him his full title—is the gentleman to whom Katharine Hepburn, in spite of her unswerving statements to the contrary, was wedded five years ago. He resides in New York where he does very nicely as an insurance salesman, and where Katharine visits him when her career permits. Whether she is trying to rob him of the dubious honor of being known as Mr. Katharine Hepburn or protect him from it (which I suspect) only the lady herself can tell you.

Vivacious little Lilian Harvey is another husband-denier. Anyone who knew Lilian in Berlin before Fox brought her to Hollywood, will tell you she is madly in love with Willie Fritsch, well known German film actor. And tell you also that it is the general impression in Berlin that she and Fritsch are married. Lilian

admits there isn't an American swain who can compare with her Willie—but as to any legal tie she denies it vehemently. Perhaps, like Hepburn, she is trying to protect her man from being labelled a Hollywood husband. For the general impression of a Hollywood spouse is something akin to what Ernest Truex portrayed in "A Warrior's Husband."

Undoubtedly the uncrowned champion of Hollywood's forgotten men at the present writing is a blonde Teuton by the name of Rudolph Seiber, who holds all known records as a long distance husband. He lives in Germany, but occasionally he crosses an ocean and a continent to pay a visit to Frau Seiber who resides in California. Or Frau Seiber returns to the family homestead to visit him.

When you see a news picture of the



MGM announced that Norma Shearer would play "Marie Antoinette," which made Jimmy Durante so ambitious he decided he'd like to be Marie, too. And here you have him—but do you want him?

Seibers there is usually with them a shaggy-haired, walrus-mustached gentleman named Von Sternberg, also Frau Seiber's mentor and director. Herr Seiber is also a director, but of no importance to Hollywood. There are long periods when he does not appear in the public prints at all—and when he does his presence is apologetically explained by the phrase "Marlene Dietrich's husband." Marlene is, you may remember, Frau Rudolph Seiber.

Running Seiber a close second is a curly-haired, youthful English barrister named John Cecil Lawrence. Some years ago he married a bright-haired, lovely girl of English education but Italian-Austrian parentage. Her name was Elisabeth Landi and although she was talented and begin-

ning a literary career, young John Cecil undoubtedly thought they would spend the years of their married life together. But Elisabeth became Elissa, came to Hollywood and stardom—and now he's lucky if he sees her a couple of times a year. His profession keeps him in London and he's been wise enough to stick to it. For although he's a rumble-seat husband to Hollywood at least he retains his position and his individuality in London—and his wife's respect.

The case of Dr. Griffin is similar. Had he given up his distinguished New York practice to tag along after his wife to Hollywood he would be just Mr. Irene Dunne by now. As it is, although he's more or less a mythical character to movie fans, he's a professional man of importance in New York medical circles. Of course it's no fun seeing a wife as lovely as Irene so rarely—but apparently Dr. Griffin feels it's better to keep a wife's love at a distance than to lose it at close range.

Perhaps he derived that axiom from watching Harry Bannister. No list of Hollywood's unknown soldiers would be complete without Harry who publicly labeled himself a rumble-seat husband at the time of his unexpected divorce from Ann Harding. The Harding-Bannister marriage had long been considered Hollywood's ideal marital partnership, but Harry suddenly upped and let it be known that from his point of view it was far from ideal. I suspect Harry's the type of chap who needs to feel he's the big shot in the family. He'll be much happier married to someone less famous than Ann.

YOU don't hear much about Lydell Peck any more, do you? Lydell came into sudden prominence when he married Janet Gaynor and departed from the public scene with equal suddenness when they were divorced. Bette Davis' Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., Peggy Shannon's Alan Davis, Una Merkel's Roland Burla, Helen Twelvetrees' Jack Woody still get their names and occasionally their pictures in the fan magazines—but were their famous wives to divorce them they'd slip from view as rapidly as young Mr. Peck. Unless, like that genial gentleman, Henri Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, they should acquire second wives equally famous.

In fact it strikes me that I really did Hank an injustice when I handed the crown to Rudy Seiber. Yes, the more I think of it the more I am convinced that Hank is the greatest rumble-seat husband of all time. As the legal escort, first of Gloria Swanson, and more recently of Connie Bennett, Hank has bestowed real artistry on a job which is basically humiliating. Gene Markey, who is married to Joan Bennett, insists that Henri is not genuinely appreciated by Hollywood, that he is most deeply in love with the glittering Connie and is willing to accept his difficult rôle to remain by her side.

Strictly speaking, Hank is not really eligible for the legion of forgotten men—for even after he has departed his title lingers on. And whereas the press is hardly apt to be tempted to refer to Katharine Hepburn as Mrs. Smith it can seldom resist dubbing Connie Bennett la Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye.



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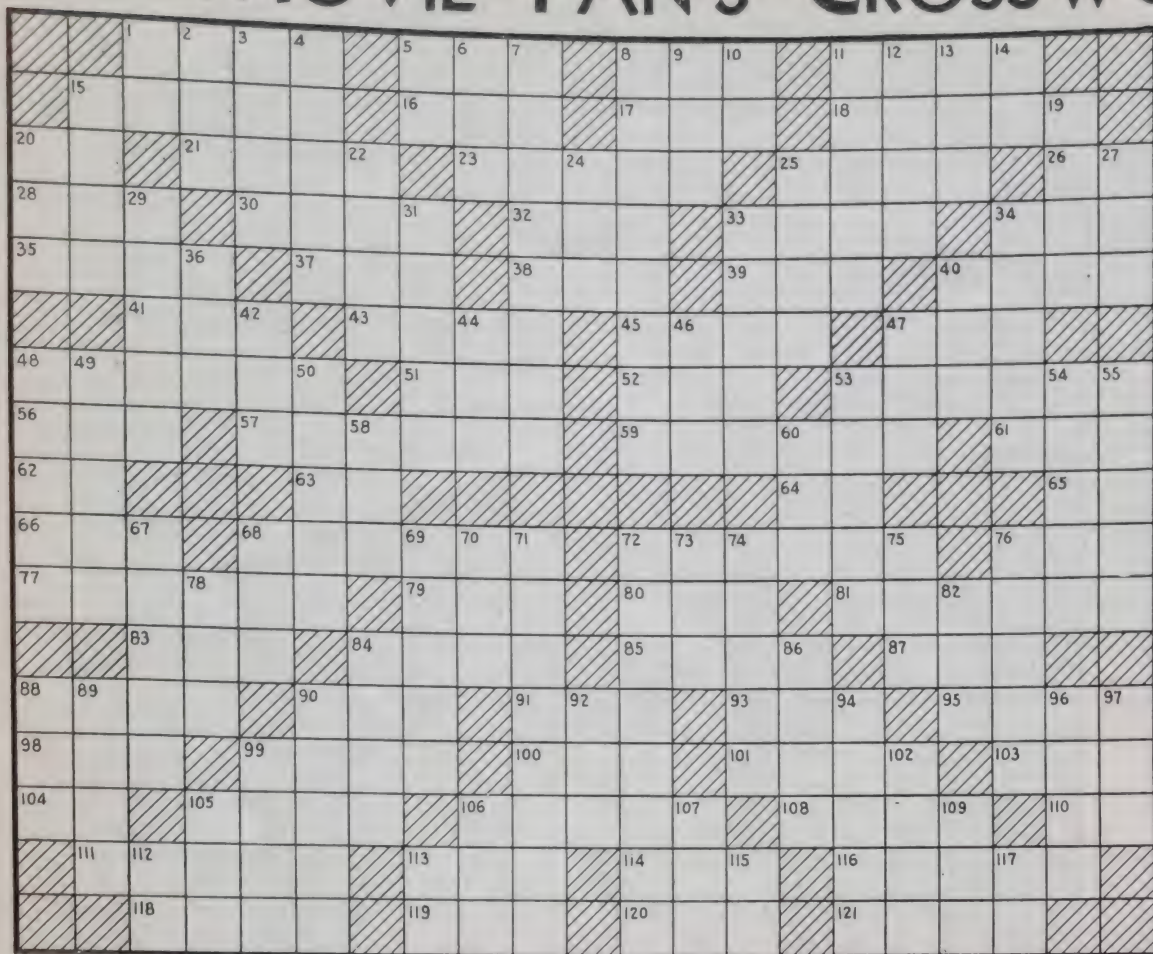
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MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Descriptive of Randolph Scott.
5. Kind of masks worn by soldiers in World War films.
8. Arliss was "The Man Who Played _____."
11. He co-stars with Zasu.
15. Shakespeare role befitting the "great lover" Gable.
16. What movie stars do before camera.
17. The blonde Miss Claire.
18. Former Hollywood night club entertainer now in films.
20. What you do when film gets around to part you've seen.
21. Dull movies make fans do this.
23. Theatres display this bird on NRA signs.
25. First name of the cowboy philosopher.
26. Recipient of (suffix).
28. Elevated trains wrecked by "King Kong."
30. An act (no make-up necessary).
32. His first name is Christian.
33. "Dracula" in person.
34. Polish tenor of "Be Mine Tonight."
35. What Krazy Kat does in talkies.
37. Title of an English Guy now in Hollywood.
38. Bottles marked thus in speak-easy scenes probably contain tea.
39. Before.
40. What successful movie productions are called.
41. What Hollywood stars do in the famous "Brown Derby."
43. Some prefer to sit in this part of theatre.
45. County in Tennessee, Dorothy Jordan's home state.
47. Tam-o'-shanter.
48. Divisions of a stage or screen play.
51. Popular term for any screen veteran.
52. Sally's boy friend was one in "Sailor's Luck."
53. The Travelogue man.
56. Felix of the animated cartoons is one.
57. Chevalier speaks with one.
59. Some talkies use Western Electric _____.
61. Evergreen tree.
62. Ripley gives us the "Believe It — Not!" shorts.



76 Down

63. Joe E. Brown once played baseball for St. Paul in this league (abbr.).
64. Exclamation.
65. Position in "The All American" football game (abbr.).
66. First name of director Garnett.
68. He plays "Voltaire."
72. Jackie Coogan's brother.
76. Nickname of Mr. Roland.
77. Cattle seen in westerns.
79. Monte Blue's role as "Officer 13."
80. Her last name is Carewe.
81. Color of some cowboy steeds in "horse operas."
83. To inquire.
84. Miss Basquette or Mrs. Teddy Hayes.
85. One of the "42nd Street" stars.
87. Low laced shoe preferred by Garbo.
88. Conflicts of "Cavalcade."
90. Betty Bronson played "Peter _____" on screen.
91. Coin of Brazil.
93. Whose role made him "Her Bodyguard?"
95. Mr. Harlan but not Kenneth.
98. A sea eagle.
99. Spanky is one of Our _____.
100. Measure of weight.
101. What wardrobe mistress does when actress rips gown.
103. Hail!
104. Frank Buck's "Bring _____ Back Alive" was an animal film.
105. Joan Crawford was born in the _____ Star State.



34 Down

106. Lariat used by cowboys in westerns.
108. Bebe Daniels starred in "Rio _____."
110. Article.
111. Movie term for what camera-men do.
113. Dresser title role opposite Beery's "Bill."
114. "America's Sweetheart" was born in this Canadian province (abbr.).
116. A Polly who prefers a wisecracker.
118. Last reel (pl.).
119. Whose wife is Ruby Keeler?
120. Negative used in the olden days.
121. Raced such as those who drove in "High Gear."

DOWN

1. Fox tells us "It's Great — Be Alive."
2. Character in "Little Women."
3. Principal part in a movie.
4. You know them as Eddie and Lilyan.
5. Oliver Hardy was born in this state (abbr.).
6. The flying Udet of "S. O. S. Iceberg" is one.
7. He had a role in "Our Betters."
8. Popular film couple recently presented with daughter.



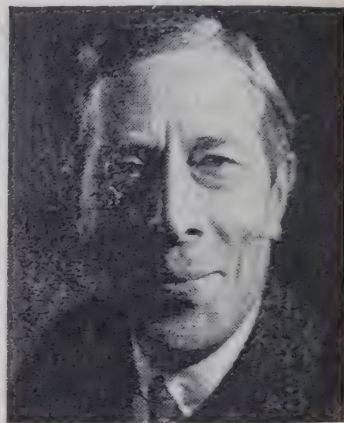
22 Down

9. Frank Morgan has birthday on this June date.
10. What the new Arlen heir would say in a talkie.
11. The "frozen-faced comedian" doesn't do this before camera.
12. One of many movie Lees.
13. When you feel thus see "Mary Stevens, M.D."
14. "Hold _____ Tight" was an Eilers-Dunn film.
15. March played a dual one as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
19. You won't find one when SRO sign is out.
20. Any one of Mae West's jewels.
22. His last name is Hamilton.
24. The "angel" of "42nd Street" who later loved a "Gold Digger."
25. Foreign actress who vamped "The Great Jasper."
27. Measures of type.
29. The blonde Blanche, better known in "silents."
31. Herd of cattle such as hero saves from rustlers.
33. Malt liquors of the "Best of Enemies."
34. Another name for "Schnozzle."
36. River in Poland, Miss Negri's birthplace.
40. First name of Mr. Skelly, stage and screen actor.
42. Popular beverage in land of "Madame Butterfly."
44. Aster's military title as the oriental "Yen" (abbr.).
46. Ex-movie actress formally married to Dick Barthelmess.
47. Tony's master, a star of westerns.

This month's puzzle contest is won by Frances Briggs, 654 N. Broadway, East Providence, R. I.

Movie Mirror awards \$20.00 for the best puzzle submitted during the month of September.

Why not try your luck? Movie Mirror will pay \$20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted before December first. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Work this puzzle, and then see if you can make up a better one. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



68 Across

43. Natives of country where late Ernest Torrence was born.
49. Weight by which Peggy Joyce's jewels are weighed.
50. Marks of battle worn by many in "The Big Drive."
53. One does this at talkies.
54. Descriptive of "Supernatural."
55. Menjou is called this sort of dresser (Slang).
58. Hollywood is in this state (abbr.).
60. Definite article.
67. To long for; desire.
68. State where Dick Powell was born (abbr.).
69. Frosting for Una Merkel's December 10th birthday cake.
70. Relation of Phillips to Taylor Holmes.
71. Men of fortitude such as Christians in "The Sign of the Cross."
72. "The Little Giant" himself.
73. Raw metal before it became a "Silver Dollar."
74. Those in arms are generally barred from theatres.
75. Three-year-old Bobby of "Hold Your Man" is one.
76. The glamorous Swede.
78. Ending used for any feminine film or stage star.
82. Lupe was born below the _____ Grande.
84. Lola's last name.
86. River in Germany, Miss Dietrich's fatherland.
88. Tiny, such as Helen Hayes.
89. Gary Cooper starred in "A Farewell to _____."
90. Part of Marlene's masculine attire that caused so much discussion.
92. Goddess of the dawn.
94. What Weissmuller does so well.
96. The handsome Mr. Lebedeff.
97. Coin used in Toshia Mori's native Japan.
99. Oakie starred in "Sailor Be _____."
102. What actors do when director calls "Cut!"
105. Late Mr. Chaney.
106. Nickname of Miss Harvey.
107. First name of Miss Munson.
109. Leo Carrillo starred in "Men _____ Such Fools."
112. Pronoun used when speaking of the Wesley Ruggles' baby.
113. What Mary Carr is generally called in films.
115. Termination of numerals.
117. Theatre poster.

Hair-Raising Ideas

(Continued from page 65)

opposite to Helen Twelvetees' opinion! When Loretta feels grown-up and worldly she fluffs her hair out and changes the part from the center to the side. Isn't that an amusing philosophy?

CLAIRE DODD, another screen siren, finds it easier to be wicked and dangerous when her hair is over her ears and sleekly moulded to her head. She says she simply *can't vamp* with her ears showing.

ALICE WHITE proves that a modern girl can be a victim of old-fashioned practices when it comes to beauty secrets! She scorns the popular permanent wave. Why? Because she achieves far better results by using good old kid curlers. Our grandmothers found this method pretty practical, and they were plenty feminine in those days. *Alice started doing her hair up on these curlers long ago in school and never has changed to more modern means of ringlet-ing. She rolls her own! If you try it, be sure you bend the curlers *under* because that is the secret of sleeping in spite of them . . . and when you remove them just curl them over your finger as she does. You'll be surprised at the result. Another useful little tip from Alice White is to comb the eyebrows and lashes instead of brushing them as most of us do. She has a miniature comb which keeps her brows in perfect line, and after she applies mascara she touches her lashes lightly with the tiny comb, removing any surplus bits of the make-up. Try it—it works as beautifully as the kid curlers!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT says if your hats need bangs to add to their becomingness you should, by all means, cut bangs. So many women are lamenting about the new hats being unflattering to their particular type of beauty that it possibly hasn't occurred to them to change their hairdress to suit the hats. Claudette thinks a woman should watch her step before following this advice, but for a proud brow such as Claudette's own—why hesitate? Her dark, straight bangs are equally becoming with or without a hat, and she says it is simple to do away with them entirely if you're the type that tires of things easily.

DOROTHY TREE, the new Columbia Pictures star whom you will see for the first time in "East of Fifth Avenue," has one very freak make-up trick which you might try the next time you have photographs taken. She rouges the tip of her nose! You know, the small space from the tip of the nose to the beginning of the upper lip. She even does this in a very mild way as part of her daytime make-up, because it emphasizes her nose and gives her a very pert expression. She says she has been doing this for such a long time that she feels simply undressed unless her nose has that touch of rouge.

LOLA LANE is wearing her hair combed straight back from her face and curled about the ears. It's most Victorian and becoming.

MOVIE MIRROR

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



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A wave of common-sense buying is sweeping the country! In beauty-aids, for example, thousands and thousands of America's smartest women are turning to Faoen. They have learned this startling fact, revealed by the scientific report of a famous Research Laboratory:—"every Faoen Beauty Aid tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1 or more." Yet Faoen Lip Stick, Rouge or Face Powder do not cost \$1 or more—they cost but 10¢ each. That is why it's sensible . . . it's smart . . . to use Faoen!

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The Camera Does Lie

(Continued from page 48)

allowing it to listen to the ticking of a watch. But music does alleviate nervousness. Most of the stars like it. Not Greta. The radio is silent as the tomb when she's around.

Joan Crawford, on the other hand, loves it. She'll stay all day if there's a good collection of Bing Crosby records.

"Once," continued Hurrell, "when I was photographing her on the set of her picture we had to stop so she could listen to a Bing Crosby broadcast. There was no radio on the set, so her limousine was wheeled in. Joan tuned in on the program by the radio in her car, and sat and listened until it was over."

He has photographed Joan dozens of times, and she is one of his favorite subjects. She is always so vivid and so interesting.

Indirectly, it was through Joan that he recently photographed Mary Pickford. There have been a good many people who have whispered that Mary did not particularly care for Joan. This story does anything but bear out that rumor. Mary had admired the last Hurrell sitting with Joan.

"I wish I looked like that," Mary had said. And she went to Hurrell, not that she expected to look like Joan, naturally, but because she liked his work.

"SHE'S a good subject," Hurrell said, "and a most charming and gracious woman. Her eyes and mouth are the features to be played up. Perhaps a three-quarter-front view is her best pose. The only angle that seemed wiser to avoid was when she looked downward. Somehow that made her face seem too narrow. The natural fullness of the face was lost."

Norma Shearer is another favorite subject. Norma brings the same intelligence to the matter of portraits that she has given to her screen career, and she is beautiful from almost any angle of the camera. A low light on Norma's face is about the only thing to be avoided. Strangely enough it will appear that Norma's chin is too full, and that her cheeks are chubby, of all things. And Norma has a beautiful modeled face and head.

It was Hurrell that made the sitting that changed Norma's destiny from the portrayal of sweet ingenues to the sophisticated women of the world rôles. Ramon Novarro, the first star that he had photographed, recommended him to Norma. She had wanted a young photographer, free from the academic confines of his profession, to work with her in this all-important sitting.

Norma arrived at the little studio he then had in downtown Los Angeles, accompanied by a vanload of boudoir furniture, and a Rolls Royce-full of striking gowns and negligees.

"A great deal depended on the result of that sitting," he explained, "but if

Norma was nervous there was nothing to indicate it. She spent the better part of a day being photographed, and I remember that I used more than sixty plates. That impressed me considerably, and seemed the height of lavishness."

Those pictures, as you know, changed Norma's career. One glance at them and the studio powers that be decided that she should no longer be confined to mere honeysuckle and moonlight romances.

It was a picnic the day Mae West came to the studio. Mae was amused by Hurrell's antics. He always puts on a show for his subjects, shouting at the top of his voice, and banging lights about. So much is going on that no one has a chance to be nervous. However there WAS the time that William Haines complained that he wasn't nervous about his pictures but he *was* nervous about Hurrell. It didn't trouble La West a bit. While Mae is a beautiful woman you probably don't have to be told that it is the expression that counts most. Hurrell considers the most striking West portraits to be full-face, with Mae turning on "the works" one hundred percent.

Marie Dressler is always pleased with her photographs, and Ramon Novarro almost never is. Ramon sends back proofs covered with pencil notations for retouching. And Ramon, having an almost perfect camera face, shouldn't worry about retouching. However, he is at his best in profiles, and three-quarter-front views. Clark Gable is as natural before the still camera as on the motion picture set. A top light is not particularly flattering to Gable. He has heavy eyebrows, and with a top light, deep shadows are cast about his eyes.

With both Ethel and John Barrymore the right side looks more like the royal family of the stage. The eyebrows are slightly different, and the right jawbone is longer and more decided than the left. Naturally the Barrymore profile is something.

Hurrell had exactly seven minutes to photograph Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The pictures were taken in the home of a Los Angeles society woman, and lights and camera were set up before the first lady of the land entered the room. She wore an evening gown, and was not at all nervous about facing another camera.

"For a woman who said two years ago that I wouldn't have any more photographs taken," she smiled at him, "I seem to be doing fairly well, lately."

Naturally in a career of photographing the famous people of the world there are almost innumerable amusing incidents to be told.

There was the time that Grace Moore, soon to make a screen comeback, was having a sitting made when the Louis B.

Mayer office at M-G-M called. Calls from that office are seldom ignored.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Miss Moore, into the telephone. "I could not possibly come over. I'm being photographed now, and Mr. Hurrell wouldn't permit me to leave."

After a little conversation back and forth from the front office and the portrait studio, and after a word of advice from Hurrell, Miss Moore decided to go.

"But," she said, firmly, "I can stay but for a few moments. I've got to get back to my pictures."

And another time Norma Shearer requested a certain set as a background for a sitting. Norma's requests aren't ignored, either, and the set was promised to be in readiness.

When Norma and he walked on the set a dozen carpenters were busily pounding in nails.

"Why, what's this?" asked Norma.

"This set was 'struck' last night," one of them explained. "We're rebuilding it for you."

"Oh," Norma was conscious-stricken. "don't do that. I won't use it, after all."

Hammers were dropped, and the set walked off. In another ten minutes the set would have been ready for them again.

Although the average star is more reticent in his or her portrait demands, they are almost invariably more adaptable than the person from the social or business realms. For one thing, they are good camera subjects without particularly glaring facial defects. That's why they are stars. If the star is self-conscious she can cover it pretty successfully.

"Speaking generally," Hurrell told me, "the flat light is the most becoming to the average face. Low lights and overhead lights do strange things to some faces."

"When photographing a woman I advise very little makeup. A little powder, a little lip rouge, and perhaps some eye makeup for the eyes. An excess of rouge and powder makes it impossible to get a natural looking skin in the photograph. It's like a mask."

"Personally, I like a blue and white, or a black and white contrast in gowns. It's interesting. Printed materials, or gowns with large figured designs, usually detract from the person. Sometimes it makes for an interesting photographic subject, but usually, you are interested in the personality and not the material of her gown."

"The toughest job is getting the subject to relax and be natural. If this can be done the finished portrait will be just one of the stereotyped poses that have been in photograph albums since tin-type days."

It's not an easy life, photographing the stars. After an eight-hour session with a subject Hurrell is usually ready for a straight-jacket. But then, of course, so is the subject. Makes it even all the way around.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED WOMAN

Whose? Why Marie Dressler's of course! It's on November 9th, and she'll be sixty-two years old. We are hereby giving you this notice because Marie is one star who loves to hear from her fans. And if you want

to make her happy, write her a little note on that date. MOVIE MIRROR is going to! Just address it to Marie Dressler, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, California.

The Inside Story of Sally and Jimmy

(Continued from page 37)

discover anew that our life together was more and more impossible.

"About three weeks after I definitely left Hoot, Jimmy and I started work on 'Sailor's Luck.' I was terribly blue and unhappy at the time and Jimmy used to try to cheer me up. 'The trouble with you, hoodlum,' he said, 'is that you're sticking home too much. Why not go stepping with one of Hollywood's foremost men about town?'

"And so we started going out. At first I liked Jimmy because he was sweet, and amusing and thoughtful of me. And then I began to realize I liked him in an entirely different way. I was too bogged down to really know what the emotion was. But I wanted to be sure. I didn't want to drift into something on a rebound!

"When Bebe and Ben asked me to go along with them on their trip to Europe I was tickled to death. I thought I was in love with Jimmy, but if it was the real thing I knew it would stand the test of a separation. *It didn't!*

"The day we sailed from New York Bebe told me that one of Ben's best friends Harry Joe Brown, was along. It was natural we drifted together.

"No, it was not a case of real love at first sight. I knew immediately that I liked Harry. I don't think there is anyone in the world who doesn't like him. Ben told me he had more friends than any other man in Hollywood. I think that he got a better impression of me during the crossing than when I was that 'spoiled brat' married to Hoot.

"Harry and Ben and Bebe and I were together constantly. Harry was so sweet, so considerate and understanding of everything! But even so I don't think I realized just exactly what he was beginning to mean to me until he left for Paris on a short vacation. When he returned we both knew we were deeply and sincerely in love. We knew we would be married as soon as I could return home and get a Mexican divorce from Hoot. There were no doubts... no questions this time. I don't think there ever is with real love... not based on infatuation.

"Of course I saw Jimmy when I returned to New York. It isn't true that he was there to meet me. He just happened to be in New York and he took me out once or twice. I think Jimmy realized as well as I that it wasn't the real thing between us. We are swell friends... and I hope we always will be.

"As for that Yosemite trip just before I was married... yes it is true that Jimmy came up there to talk to me. You see, Harry and I had secretly set the date for our wedding and only our closest friends knew about it. But I wanted Jim to know, too. Just as I don't want anything to threaten my happiness with Harry, I wouldn't want anything to come between the friendship of Jim and me.

"The rest of the story you must know pretty well. I have married the man I really love... and if it seemed sudden it is only because so few people knew the true facts about Sally and Jimmy and the grandest man in the world, my husband!"



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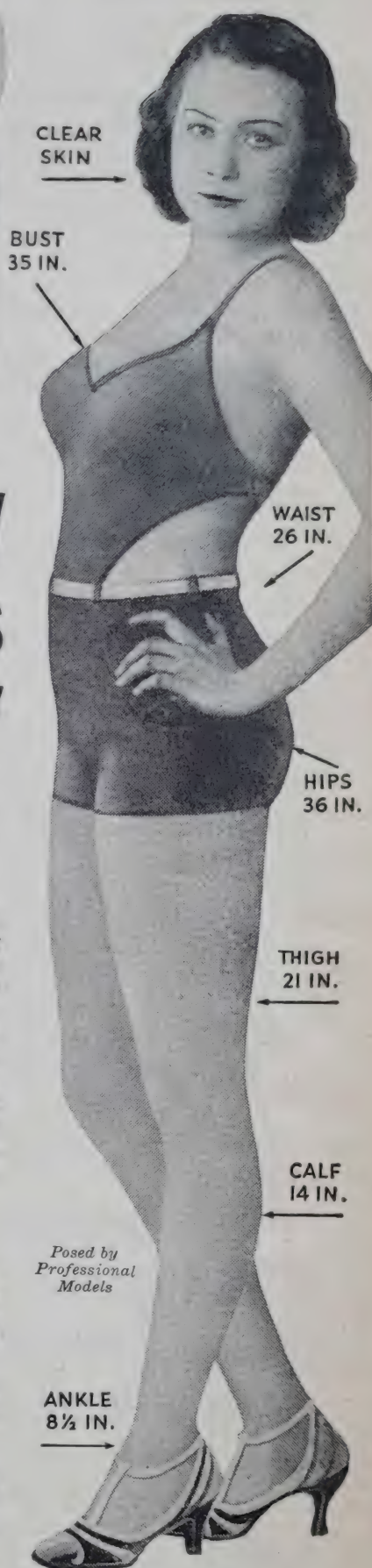
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Confessions of a Casting Director

(Continued from page 53)

in trade, on stage and screen, is our figure."

I signed the girl for the chorus work. She'd proved her fitness. Yet, she never got anywhere in pictures. Was it because she depended *too* much on sex to get her by? Anyway, today she's back in New York.

Of course, the girls who flatly offer "anything you want" to a casting director, in exchange for a picture job, are numberless. Believe it or not, there are even "agents" in Hollywood who peddle girls to casting directors on those terms. No big-studio casting director goes for that sort of thing. Yet, again and again, I see these girls in screen bits. And I wonder who collected.

But it isn't only girls who offer anything. There was, for instance, the card brought in to me, which bore the name of a young scion of wealth, whose name had figured in plenty of news columns. "Send him in," I said. He entered, dressed in the height of fashion.

"Well?" I asked.

It was "mud stuff"—and the director saw to it that the youth flung himself down, again and again, in a pool of mud. The scene was something about a gang shooting, where bystanders had to dive into gutters, anywhere, to escape bullets, you see. After that one afternoon's work, the rich boy had his fill of pictures.

And next day, the director of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, which takes care of the indigent actors of Hollywood, got \$500 in \$100 bills, with a note from me, telling the entire story, in strictest confidence!

Worst "crash-the-casting-gate" nuisance we have to contend with are the "pull girls." These are beauties, rarely good actresses, who "have something" on one of the executives. They're not frequent, thank heaven. But they do happen. More than once in my career, I've received a call from Big-Shot in a front office. "Give Miss Y a job on some pic-

minute or two, while I wait for I know what's coming. It comes—

"Say, Mr. Casting Director," with an oily smirk, "you've got a lot of girls who need work, haven't you?"

"Well, I'm giving a party tonight at the hotel for some of my friends—just a stag party, you know. And—uh—I'm a stranger here and I don't know any girls. So I wonder . . ."

Well, it's an old story. And I do know a list of girls who need the money. And who, more than that, know how to handle these big business men. So I call them up.

"How much do they get?" he asks.

"We pay them five a day for extra work, these days," I tell him. Then, cutting his smile short, I add: "But for being stag-party 'hostesses,' they get \$25 apiece." I find that usually stops them.

I remember the excitement that happened when I hired fifty real taxi-dance girls, from Los Angeles dance-halls and every one of the fifty went on the make for the leading man in the picture!

It wasn't entirely because of his sex-appeal, although he's one of the sexiest "he's" on the screen. It seems that inadvertently, once, he smiled at one of the taxi-girls. He'd never have done it if he hadn't mistaken her, momentarily, for an important actress who was playing the rôle of a taxi-dance girl herself. Now, he was—and is—a snob of the worst kind.

THAT smile infuriated the other girls. They decided they'd show the girl who'd been smiled at that she wasn't the only one who could break Handsome down. So each of them went on gunning for him—for a smile or anything they could make him for.

Handsome quickly realized it. But instead of distributing smiles around, he merely stuck his nose high in the air, ritzed every one of the girls.

That night, screams came from the private parking place on the lot where the stars keep their cars. Male screams. A group of us rushed over, because male screams were a novelty. We found Handsome, staring wild-eyed at the \$27,000 imported roadster he'd only bought ten days before, and which was his exhibitionistic pride and joy. He pointed at it, and could only gibber in frenzy.

I've never seen such a mess of what was once \$27,000 worth of automobile. The paint had been scratched into every kind of weird design. The glass of windshield and doors had been broken. The rich upholstery was in shreds. Every tire was flat.

But somehow, we never seemed to be able to find the girls who had done the job!

On this note of humor let me end this story of the kaleidoscope of a casting director's office and give you one word of advice. Don't you try to come to Hollywood and break into pictures. It's a hard cruel game, and not worth the effort. And besides, I don't want to see you. My life is hard enough as it is.



Marie Dressler moody? No indeed! She's just giving us a glimpse of how she'll look as the servant girl in "Christopher Bean," her latest picture

He said nothing. Merely reached into his pocket, brought out a billfold, laid a bill before me. The number on it was \$100.

"So what?" I asked.

"I want to do some work in pictures. You can give it to me. I don't give a damn about the money; all I want is the thrill."

I smiled. Shook my head no.

He smiled, too. Reached into his billfold again, laid four more \$100 bills before me. In my mind, something went click. I told him I'd do it; told him where to report, at once. Into my pocket I swept the \$500.

I called a boy, told him to take Mr. Rich-boy over to Director X on the back lot, where an exterior crowd scene was being shot. Then, as they were on the way, I called the Director on the telephone.

"I'm sending over a punk who thinks he can buy his way into movies," I told him. "Work him like hell, but don't get him into a single scene. You know how. I'll tell you the rest later."

Director X took my tip, made the rich boy work as he'd never worked before.

tures," is the direct order. "Pay her so much a week," Big-Shot further orders.

Then in sweeps Miss Y. She's as cocky as can be. Knows she's going to be hired. Then she gets onto the set, and heaven knows how much she and her sisters have cost in production delays. Sassess the director. Lords it over the leads. Makes all sorts of mess on the production. And grins because she knows she won't be fired.

What can we casting directors do about it?—nothing, unless we want to lose our own jobs. I don't mind Mr. Big-Shot having all the "fun" and all the women he wants, but I wish he wouldn't mix it with business—MY business!

And you'll be surprised even more when I'll tell you how they mix it with my business. And how they mix MY business with something else. Supplying girls for stag parties, for example! Yes, I've even had to do that.

I'd get a memo, from one of the important men, that Mr. Blank, of New York, will be in today to see me.

Eventually, Mr. Blank arrives. He's in Hollywood for a fling at what they imagine Hollywood is. Mr. Blank talks around a

The Man Who Will Never Go Hollywood

(Continued from page 55)

know . . . ?

"Besides, there are so many men here in Hollywood, younger, gayer than I. I am not a very gay person, you know. I am really rather a dull fellow. I think I even look dull. I know myself pretty well. Others can do that sort of thing so much better than I. I have little to offer."

I said, "Oh, come, come—" or words to that effect. I said, "But wouldn't you get a thrill, going places and having all the pretty gals and lovely ladies making much of you, flattering you, making a great to-do—that sort of thing?"

Nils smiled. I thought of the Melancholy Dane. He said, simply, "I have been out now and then, you know. I have not noticed anyone paying any attention to me. Why should they?"

Which is, of course, preposterous. The man is incredibly modest. In a town where modesty is a word known only in the dictionary, Nils lives it. Is it. He is also incredibly—but I have mentioned this before. All any one of our sex has to do is take one look at Nils to know how we would all—er—behave, given the chance. Excepting only that the man has a grave and lovely dignity, an aloofness from such things as—going Hollywood.

I said, "But isn't there anything you enjoy about the life out here? Something about it must interest you?"

Nils said, "Yes. There is something. My work. When I am working I am happy. Especially, and really only, when I am making a picture that interests me. 'General Yen' interested me. This picture I am making now—'Beautiful,' with Ann Harding—it interests me, too. Ann plays the part of a woman doctor. I play a doctor, too. There is something intensely dramatic about the medical profession. I always enjoy the actual work on the set, the reading of the script, too, the building up of the character. Once I leave the set I step out—of Hollywood.

"People have said to me before, 'Aren't you human? Don't you even have your love affairs, as other men?' Of course I do. Of course I have my romances—a better word than 'affairs,' I think. But I would not take any lady in whom I happened to be interested to any public place in Hollywood—to any place where we might be seen and so, talked about. I would not allow the lady to be discussed, our relationship to be the target for conjecture and tabloid comment.

"I am interested in a lady right now. She is not of the professional world. We do not frequent places where we might be seen. Marry again? I cannot say that—as yet—"

For Nils Asther a letter of honest praise about his work, a woman's carefully guarded friendship and admiration, the stars, the sound of the sea, music, the treasure house of literature, a black stallion, a majestic brute of a dog, the simple earthy talk of simple people are sufficient reasons why Nils Asther will never go Hollywood. These are the things he has chosen, instead—

He said to me, "My ultimate desire is for peace—not passion—"

MOVIE MIRROR

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

"I remember another incident. mother had taken me to visit some friends—two sisters of widely different ages—one about 35, the other 60. The elder one was one of those tight-lipped old women who disapproved of spoiled children. She (Continued on page 93)

Movies of the Month

(Continued from page 63)

find sympathy) gets away to his life of crimelessness.

Marshall is "The Solitaire Man." And naturally, as soon as you saw Lionel Atwill's name in the cast, you knew he was the real villain of the piece, didn't you?

Your Reviewer Says: For a "different" film of mental conflict, here's a honey.

For Children: Only the older ones could enjoy it.

✓Midshipman Jack (Radio)

You'll See: Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Arthur Lake, Frank Albertson, Florence Lake, Johnny Darrow, Purnell Pratt.

It's About: Young love, misbehavior, self-sacrifice, against the background of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Bruce Cabot has the lead in this story of midshipman life. He is the rule-dodging boy who gets in a jam taking the blame for another's offense, only to win honor back (plus the commandant's daughter) when the other lad confesses.

There's aplenty of Annapolis color in the picture—the sort of stuff that sets nerves tingling, makes you want to stand up and cheer. Yeah, call it hokum if you want to. But hokum still makes good entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: An entertaining picture.

For Children: Most certainly.

✓Stage Mother (M-G-M)

You'll See: Alice Brady, Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Phillips Holmes, Russell Hardie, C. Henry Gordon and Ted Healy.

It's About: A stage mother who succeeds in making her daughter famous, but breaks her heart.

Remember a few years back when we thrilled at Louise Dresser and Madge Bellamy in "Mother Knows Best"? A similar picture is "Stage Mother," aided and abetted by the advanced technique of talking moving pictures.

Credit all 'round should be given for this one. First to director Charles Brabin.

That grand trouper, Alice Brady, proves she can tear at your heart strings as well as make you laugh. Franchot Tone is worthy of a much better and bigger part.

Maureen O'Sullivan is the real surprise of the picture. For the first time in her career, this little colleen, acts like her heart and soul are really in her work. Ted Healy is swell and a brief flash of Russell Hardie stimulates the rumor that he is the next big screen bet.

Personal to M-G-M: Please give Phillips Holmes a chance to show what he really can do. And a couple of orchids to Albertina Rasch for her sensational stage numbers.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss this if you want good entertainment.

For Children: It's sophisticated but it won't hurt them.

✓Charlie Chan's Greatest Case (Fox)

You'll See: Warner Oland, Heather Angel, John Warburton, Virginia Cherrill, Gloria

Roy, Roger Imhoff and Ivan Simpson. **It's About:** How Charlie Chan, the famous Chinese detective, again solves a mysterious murder case.

Earl Derr Biggers created one of the most popular characters in mystery-fiction—Detective Charlie Chan, corpulent Chinese sleuth of the Honolulu police.

Here is the latest. Perhaps not the best of them, but certainly a thrilling, suspense-filled mystery picture. There are two murders. And, as usual in the Chan stories and films, plenty of real clues on which you, like Charlie, may solve the mystery for yourself without waiting for the end of the picture. Tip: it's safe to point the finger of guilt at the one you'd be least likely to suspect, as the story unfolds.

Your Reviewer Says: If you liked the other Chan films, you'll like this one, too. You'll like it anyway, probably.

For Children: Murders, yes—but good clean murders. And all in fun . . . !

✓Brief Moment (Columbia)

You'll See: Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Arthur Hohl.

It's About: Rich boy marries cabaret gal. Cabaret gal goes to work to make rich boy worth-while man instead of what he is.

There's nothing at all new about the central plot of this. But there are a few new bits of handling that make most of the picture seem delightfully new. And that, dear friends of fanland, is good movie-making.

This, incidentally, is the picture Carole Lombard finished over at Columbia's studios just before she packed her things, went to Reno to divorce Hubby Bill Powell. Not by any inkling would you guess, seeing her in this, that she was on the verge of marital tragedy while the cameras were grinding. It's a swell job she does. And too, from her song, you'd never guess that she was just about in hysterics because it was the first time she's ever sung for the talkies.

As for the rest of the cast—there's handsome Gene Raymond, who plays the hubby nicely. They say offscreen, Gene has a way with women. Some of that quality shows definitely herein.

Then there's baddy Monroe Owsley, being mean as usual, splendidly. And Arthur Hohl, a character-player who's climbing, mounts another rung with his job in this.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a good, up-to-date story, and packs plenty of entertainment for Mr. and Mrs. Moviefan, but—

For Children: —not so nice.

Saturday's Millions (Universal)

You'll See: Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Grant Mitchell, Richard Tucker, Johnny Mack Brown, Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle, Lucille Lund.

It's About: A gridiron star who tries to make a racket out of football, but loses the big game and almost loses his sweetheart.

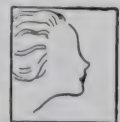
Universal picked out a man-sized job for Robert Young when they selected him to carry the stellar honors in this one. Much credit must be given to Bob, who did it admirably.

This picture is exciting and there are

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No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

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TATTOO

THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR FOR SHAPELY LIPS

some grand comedy moments furnished by Andy Devine. But there is nothing new in the same, old football story. They did allow our hero to lose a game for once, but there the originality ends.

The real surprise of the picture was Lucille Lund, the All American Girl. In her first appearance before a camera she displayed a surprising amount of poise and self-assurance. Other honors go to Grant Mitchell, Richard Tucker, Mary Doran, and Mary Carlisle.

Your Reviewer Says: See it, especially if you like football.

For Children: They'll love it.

Ladies Must Love (Universal)

You'll See: June Knight, Neil Hamilton, Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Burgess, Mary



For further details on this very cute clip watch which Lilyan Tashman is wearing, read the fashion article on Page 40 this issue

Carlisle, Georgie Stone, Virginia Cherrill. **It's About:** What happens when one of a quartette of goldiggers falls in love.

Well, now—here's a snappy idea, some capable players, some notso bad lines, marvellous photography, gorgeous settings, even some mighty good music. And yet, somehow, it all doesn't jell.

The story is about four of those gals who sign a contract to share alike the spoils of their adventures of the evening. And then—uh huh—one of them falls really and truly in love, and there's that nassy ol' contract threatening the happy ending. Yes, it all comes out all right.

June Knight, of whom you've read and heard much, is THE girl of the quartette. This picture isn't fair, because it just doesn't give her the chance to make good on the ballyhoo. You won't overlook Sally O'Neil gotten thinner and hotter.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another of those pictures that comes out "fair."
For Children: No.

LAST MINUTE REVIEWS

✓✓Broadway Through A Keyhole (20th Cent.-U. A.)

You'll See: Paul Kelly, Constance Cummings, Russ Colombo, Blossom Seeley, Gregory Ratoff, Texas Guinan, C. Henry Gordon, Helen Jerome Eddy, Frances Williams, Eddie Foy, Jr., Hugh O'Connell and others.

It's About: A Broadway racketeer who falls for a girl, who falls for a crooner.

Perhaps the greatest thing about this picture is the publicity connected with the characters and the making of the story. But close behind comes the performance of one Paul Kelly, whose great trouncing hits the audience like a jolt of T.N.T. Not since the advent of Clark Gable, has

✓✓The World Changes (Warner-First Nat'l.)

You'll See: PAUL MUNI, Aline MacMahon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Patricia Ellis, Donald Cook, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay, Theodore Newton, and others.

It's About: An early-day pioneer family, whose life begins with a covered wagon and ends with the financial crash of the Chicago Stock Exchange in 1929.

When a picture of this type comes along, there is only one thing to do. Stack up a huge pile of blue ribbons, gold medals, or whatever it is one gives for fine work. Then ask every person connected with this fine production to take his choice.

Paul Muni gives another one of his flawless performances. He is convincing at all times, sincere and intelligent in his acting. And in the later sequences, not only does he achieve convincing old age in his physical appearance, but he seems to grow old inside.

This picture will also appeal scenically and historically. The colorful figure of Buffalo Bill enters into the dramatic background of this story. It shows the growth of the Chicago stockyards, from the time the cattle roamed the plains, up to Muni's invention of the first refrigeration car.

Individual performances were so good, it's impossible to give credit to each one. Aline MacMahon however, in her rôle of the pioneer mother, makes one a little heartsick when he thinks back on her wasted talents in lighter rôles. Mary Astor as Muni's wife, was superb. Personal to Mervyn LeRoy: "You deserve a dozen of Mr. Winchell's favorite flowers for this one."

Your Reviewer Says: A picture for the whole family. Well worth spending an evening in the local movie.

For Children: Much too melodramatic for their childish imagination.

✓✓Bombshell (M-G-M)

You'll See: Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, Franchot Tone, Pat O'Brien, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Ivan Lebedeff, Isobel Jewell and others.

It's About: The private life of a movie star.

If you've ever been a movie fan, or ever expect to be a movie fan, this picture is the answer to who's who and what's what in Hollywood. Jean Harlow succeeds beautifully in kidding the very rompers off the film city. As the over-publicized movie star who dramatizes her life, on and off the screen, she gives a flawless performance. It's one of those rôles where she knows all the answers and coming from the sensuous lips of Harlow, the meaning is not lost.

Lee Tracy plays the rapid talking press agent, who gets his star on the front page with his usual dynamic quality. The situations he gets his star in, for the sake of good old publicity, bring one continuous roar of laughter.

Franchot Tone comes in late in the picture, but makes up for lost time but the real treat of the picture is Harlow, Tracy and the inside workings of a studio.

Your Reviewer Says: If you want to laugh long and loud, don't miss it.

For Children: No.

any actor created quite such a distinctive and welcome entrance into the talkies. If you can judge by feminine sighs in a preview audience, Mr. Kelly is due for the biggest rush of the ages.

The picture opens up with a bang, but gradually slows down. Toward the last it picks up again and finishes with a wallop.

There's a scene where Kelly puts Russ Colombo on the spot. Lowell Sherman's direction of this picture should go down in the Halls of Fame for this one scene alone. And Russ proved that as a successful crooner, he's also a good actor.

Constance Cummings was always convincing and expresses a gentility many of our actresses lack. Texas Guinan managed to register, but Blossom Seeley had all the lines that got the laughs. Frances Williams put over all her numbers vividly.

Your Reviewer Says: It's swell entertainment. Don't miss it.

For Children: Leave them home.

The Woman Spy

(Continued from page 59)

"I've been madly in love with her for years. Introduce us, will you, Colonel Lieber?"

"Fraulein Schontag . . . Captain Rudi Ritter."

Carla went about her hospital duties for the next few days in a whirl of emotions. She managed to evade Rudi, she was afraid to see him alone. Finally, she could evade him no longer and they dined together at the little inn where they both lived.

For a while she almost persuaded herself that she might accept this happiness. There they were, like any pair of lovers, having supper together in the candle-light of the romantic old inn . . . he holding her hands at intervals . . . neither of them eating very much . . . both of them keyed up in the joy of finding each other, and around them swirling the poignant sweetness of gypsy music played as only a gypsy band can play it.

The swarthy violinist came to their table: "Buy a charm, a real love token, buy it for the lady, sir. If you give it to her, it will keep all other lovers away."

CARLA was about to order him off. He dangled the charm in front of her, a silver luck piece, and on it, a double circle, the token by which she recognized her associates. Resentfully, she recognized it. It meant she was in danger and that the gypsy had given her a message of instructions for the future. Why could she not have had this one evening unmarred?

"If it will do that, gypsy," Rudi was saying, "you've made a sale." And he bought it for her and hung it around her neck. She felt it there like a halter, dragging her back to her sworn duty. His voice came to her as from a distance, that charming voice, making delightful badinage, playing at love-making, and yet with the undercurrent of heartfelt meaning.

After dinner, a stroll in the evening air, and Rudi taking her in his arms again, always in the distance the sound of the guns, never letting them forget.

"My sweet, my dearest one! None of it matters tonight. There is no war, there is no enemy, there's just you and me and I love you." His kisses were on her hair, her throat, on her lips. "Will you marry me now? I can get a furlough."

And always the gypsy love-charm (ironic touch, a love charm!) burned against her flesh. Yet surely this one night was hers—she could steal this, at least, from Fate.

* * * * *

It was late when they returned to the inn.

"Good night, my sweet," he said. "More than ever we belong to each other, as long as we live."

"Good night," she answered him, and when he had gone, she stood by her window a long time, and watched the clouds passing over the moon.

Then her hand strayed to the gypsy coin. She straightened. There was work to be done. She locked the door. She unscrewed the cleverly constructed coin and took out the bit of paper that bore the message. It said simply: "Love Conquers

All," and Carla laughed with a sob in her throat. But slowly she quieted as she went about bringing out the real message; developed the invisible ink by holding it over the lamp; and then, with the aid of a tiny code book, deciphered what the strange string of words really meant. K 14 was on the job again.

Rudi left her door as perfectly happy as a man can be. Carla, Carla, Carla. The name sang through his brain and echoed in his heart. It was his lucky night, no doubt of that. He was sure of it when he reached his room and heard the report Lieber had for him:

"We've found the enemy post-office. And no wonder we've been so long doing it—cleverest thing you ever saw! There's a tunnel leads from a farm-yard up under the stairway to a building in the Oberstrasse. I've been waiting for you to come."

"Good man!" Rudi whistled in admiration when he was led down through the tunnel to the concealed chamber under the stairs. The sliding panel that opened through the riser of the fourth step had been split. Rudi surveyed it and made his plans rapidly.

"Have this panel fixed, then you stay here with one man. We'll post guards all around the building and across the street. Don't scare away anybody who wants to put through a message, but arrest him as soon as he delivers it. And I want anybody and everybody who enters this hallway brought to my office for questioning."

He turned toward the man they had caught there. "And bring him along to my office now, we'll see whether he'll talk."

Rudi had reason to be pleased. It looked as if he were about to mop up the entire allied spy service in his district. That would mean a promotion. A married man would be the better for a promotion. He smiled happily to himself.

The arrangements were made, and the next morning Rudi awaited developments in his office. They were not long in coming.

FRAU STENGEL, the hair-dresser, was dragged in, protesting. "This is an outrage! All I was doing was washing a customer's hair. Since when is a good citizen to be snatched from her work?"

"Who is this woman?" Rudi asked.

"She has a hair-dressing establishment at the top of those stairs. It was there that the woman who came up the stairs went."

"Well, take her out and have her searched, and bring in the other woman."

It was Carla they brought in. She and Rudi stared at each other.

"Why was this young lady arrested?" Rudi asked dazedly.

"Your orders, sir. You told me to bring in anyone who went up those stairs."

"Was there anything suspicious about her going up?"

"Well, she stopped on the fourth step."

Rudi asked her gravely: "Is this true?"

Carla was innocence itself: "Why . . . no . . . why, yes. As a matter of fact . . . I don't remember which step, but I did

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stop . . . to tie my shoe-lace, and then went right on up to have my hair done. You see my hours at the hospital are so irregular, I have to get it done when I can. You seem suspicious, Captain. It would be better if I were searched."

One of the officers appeared at the door: "We searched the nurse's room and found nothing, sir," he reported.

Rudi showed his relief and he began to explain: "I'm awfully sorry this happened. You see, we found enemy spies were using those stairs to pass information through. I just want to ask you a question, Fraulein Schontag. Darling, do you still love me?"

Carla had been through a good deal that morning. She had indeed stopped at that fourth step, but the split panel had warned her. Her quick eyes detected that in a second and she had gone on up the stairs. At the first opportunity when Frau Stengel was out of sight, she had ripped the incriminating page from her book and hidden it, well-folded, in the gypsy charm that was around her neck.

WHEN the arrest came, she blessed her foresight, and felt she had nothing to fear when she faced official questioning, but to find Rudi the official! It was too much. Could she go on? She heard herself talking:

"Oh, yes, I love you. Last night I forgot about the war, almost. It seemed so far away, but this morning! It's more real than ever, it's got us trapped. Oh! What's that?"

Rudi pressed her to him. He would have given much if she had not heard what was going on in the courtyard outside.

"Don't watch it. It's an execution. That spy we caught under the stairs when we raided last night. They get short shrift in wartime you know."

There was a quick order and the sound of rifles fired. Carla shrank against his shoulder.

"I'm sorry you had to hear it, but such things must happen although you've probably never thought about them before."

She was glad he could not see her face: "Oh, yes, I've thought about them. I've never been so close to one before. May I go now?"

"Of course, and tonight we dine together, and tomorrow night and the next night and every night until. . ." He was laughing. "You go on to the hospital. I'll see you tonight."

He was still smiling when he went back to his desk. He hoped she had not been too much upset, but it had been sweet to comfort her.

Lieber came in. "Did you let Fraulein Schontag go?" he asked.

"Yes, why not? We have no evidence against her."

"You'd better look at this. It's a book she was carrying. There's been a page freshly torn out."

Rudi stared at him, at the book. Finally he said wretchedly: "I don't know what to do, I'm going crazy. First, I intercept a book that proves that one of their best agents is working in this district. I find her. She always carries books. She had some the first time we met at the inn and she's the first one up those stairs this morning—with more books, and one of them with a page missing. I know she's

innocent. I couldn't believe anything else—and yet. What am I to do?"

"Try her out, Rudi. It's the only way. It's got to be done. We'll plant a man at the hospital, and have him slip her that message we caught. If she falls for it, she'll go to meet the other spy we got, and we'll pick her up where she thinks she'll find him—at that hut outside town. If she's not our game, she'll think it's a delirious patient, and give the message to the head nurse."

Rudi stared blankly ahead of him. Lieber patted him on the shoulder. "Perhaps you'd prefer to be relieved of this assignment?"

Rudi snapped out: "Are you questioning my loyalty?"

"No, never your loyalty, Rudi, but you are very fond of that girl, aren't you? It may be—hard."

Rudi stood up, decision clear in his face: "You're right. It's the only thing to do."

Carla never knew when a fellow-spy was going to declare himself, or herself, by showing her the double circle. Once a man in a café had made the familiar signal with the wet bottom of his beer glass, on the table in front of her. It came in casual, unexpected ways. She betrayed no surprise when a new patient in her ward bared his arm for a moment and showed her the signal drawn in chalk on his flesh. They were in full sight of the other nurses and he rubbed it off in a natural gesture, while her expression remained unchanged. But she was prepared to receive the tiny wad of paper that he slipped to her. As soon as she was relieved of duty, she opened it. It was in the code she knew:

"Verify recent aircraft concentration at Stry."

Well, she knew all about those airplanes. Now that the link between her and her headquarters was broken by that morning's raid, she must go away. But she knew where K 5 could be reached and would give him the information on the way out.

THE means of her going were prepared—had been in readiness since she began to work in Tarnoff. Old Mitika, the peddler, would have a gypsy disguise ready. She would travel with him in his donkey cart. She should really have gone that morning—but she was a bit afraid not to go directly to the hospital from Rudi's office. Lucky now, she had gone, or she would have missed this last message.

She found Mitika in the square and stopped, presumably to buy chocolates from him. She meant to tell him she would join him outside the village in half an hour, but she made the appointment for nine that night. Once more to see Rudi—once more to have supper with him in the smoky little dining room. A few hours could make no real difference.

At supper, she tried to regain the happy mood of their past good times. She tried to pretend to herself that this was really Nurse Schontag, dining with her fiancé, and that they were going on together to Colonel Lieber's afterwards for some music. It was no use. The conversation would drift to war—and spies.

She tried to tell him goodbye, not so he would hear her say it, but so he would look back, and realize she had said it:

"Darling, with every heart beat I love you more—and no matter what happens, if we're ever separated, as we are bound to be some time, please don't stop loving me, please. Can you remember all that?"

Rudi was amused, and touched. In spite of word he had had from the hospital, he could not believe she was involved in all this. She was a girl—in love!

"Every word, shall I say it over for you?" he asked.

She was not looking at him. "No, not now. Only when I'm not with you. What time is it?"

"Oh, around nine."

Under the table she clenched her hands. It was over. This was the end. Casually she said: "I'll go to my room and freshen up and we'll go on to the Colonel's."

He asked lightly: "Is it all right for me to leave you? I went away from you for five minutes once and it took me two years to find you again."

He saw her to her door. This was all right. More and more he could hear himself telling Lieber: "We can call off the guards, she's not going to Stry. That message meant nothing to her." Presently she would tap at his door and they would go to the Colonel's for the evening. He sat on his bed quietly waiting. But it was Lieber himself who came in.

"She has left the inn by the back stairs," he said grimly.

RUDI sprang to his feet. For a second he was speechless. "I'll meet you downstairs in a moment," he said. He managed to keep his voice steady. Lieber looked sharply at him. Then he turned on his heel and left. He knew when a man wanted to be alone.

The full implication of what he had heard struck him like a physical blow. Not only was Carla an enemy of his country, but she was an enemy to him, to his love. She had tricked him from beginning to end. None of it had been real, none of it. There was nothing left to him but the stark and ugly reality of carrying on as a soldier who was running down a spy.

It all went according to plan. He and Lieber put a man in the hut outside the town where K 5 was supposed to be. And Carla came. Oh, she came all right. Up to that moment he had hoped desperately against hope. But she walked into the hut and asked how far it was to Tarnoff, just as they knew she was supposed to do. And when the man answered properly, she said: "You're K 5. I'm K 14 and I have a message for you to get through." He grabbed her wrist, and Rudi entered the hut. "You can wait outside," he told the man.

He was holding his revolver in readiness as he searched Carla for a possible weapon. She stood motionless. Then she said: "I'm sorry it had to end like this."

His voice was as expressionless as her face: "I don't suppose you want to give me the names of your associates."

"I have no associates."

"You don't need them. You probably

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used plenty of other poor fools like me."

"You don't think I used you, Rudi?"

"I think I was an eager victim." His voice was hard again.

She would tell him the truth, whether he recognized it or not. "I love you," she said.

His voice grew harsher. "Don't waste your talents, my dear. I'm not such a fool as that. Come on, we have a nice little moonlight ride ahead of us. And a five-minute court-martial after we get there."

HE had not believed her. What were firing squads now? He had not believed her.

She turned to go. She was through. K 14 would be dead in a little while, and she felt that Carla was already dead. She had forgotten Mitika, but the men who worked with her, those others of the "double circle," they were well-chosen.

She saw Rudi whirl and shoot at the open window. Mitika! There was a second report and Rudi dropped at her feet. She caught him as he fell and Mitika appeared at the door crying in an urgent whisper: "Come, hurry!"

Carla was oblivious to him. She was searching for the wound, trying to staunch the blood. "Rudi, darling, oh, my sweet. I'd rather have died a thousand times than have this happen!"

Rudi's eyes were open now. He was staring up at her.

"I can't leave him," Carla cried.

"Take her. Take her—away," Rudi gasped. Mitika tore her from him, into the little donkey cart, away to safety.

Once again, Rudi Ritter was buying a ticket, but how different the circumstances. The depot was quiet and orderly. The war was over. Things had returned to normal. To normal? They would never be the same for Rudi.

"Rome, please," he told the ticket-seller, giving him a bill.

"Have you nothing smaller, no change?" asked the man.

THEN a little gloved hand appeared, with some coins in it, and a voice said: "Can I be of assistance?"

"Carla!" Rudi cried. "I've been trying to find you all over Europe."

"And I, you. I went to your house, just now, and your man said you were taking this train. You're not arresting me, are you?" For Rudi had caught her arm in a grasp that hurt.

"I'm making good and sure that I don't lose you again, Fraulein K 14."

Neither of them knew it was raining, as they stopped outside the door.

"Rudi, Rudi. I'm no longer K 14. I haven't any number now."

For sheer joy he laughed. "Then maybe you'll tell me what your name is," as he drew her to him. "Never mind, you can talk later." He laughed again, for that love and laughter had come back to him, as he kissed her.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This issue had already gone to press when we were notified that the title of this story had been changed from "The Woman Spy" to "After Tonight."

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What Motherhood Has Done for Karen Morley

(Continued from page 25)

that hurt her so that she recoiled completely within herself. Karen had to borrow a dress from the wardrobe for use in a picture. Before she could return it the dress mysteriously disappeared from her room. Karen, to her horror, found that she was suspected of stealing the dress! The real thief was found afterwards and Karen's innocence was proved, but the fact that she had been suspected left a permanent mark upon Karen. Sensitive, she brooded over the cruel, suspicious attitude over those on the studio lot. The cynicism of Hollywood cut her like a knife. She was cool and self-possessed about everything she did, but she lacked warmth and enthusiasm.

Her work, too, lacked enthusiasm. She started out with such promise in her brief bit as the suicide in "Inspiration" that everyone predicted stardom for her. Then suddenly, her work seemed to slump.

Yet she had everything—beauty, intelligence and flawless acting ability. One thing and one thing only she lacked—warmth. Over and over again the studio accused her of being cold. What could Karen say to that but shrug her shoulders? If she was cold, it was because life had made her so. She was playing a lone wolf's game.

SHE valued her freedom and her career more than the love of any man. When interviewers asked her about marriage, she said, "I hardly think so. You see, I'm just getting to the place I want to be. I've left home and taken an apartment all my own. I'm just beginning to find the freedom I've always wanted and why should I spoil it by bringing some man into it?"

And then suddenly Charles Vidor came into the picture. He was a charming Austrian, intelligent, a little reserved. No one knew very much about him. The newspapers called him "a prominent young director," but reporters who tried to find out what he had directed could find out very little. Apparently he had worked at M-G-M for a short time, directing "Fu Manchu," but he left before the picture was completed. The record of the other work he had done was scant and vague.

M-G-M, anxious to build Karen into a glamorous sex-appeal star, looked with disfavor on the idea of Karen's marrying anyone, and especially someone as obscure as Charles Vidor. Karen went ahead, however, and eloped with Vidor.

For many months after that, Karen went on playing in one picture after another, like the trouper she is. Marriage and her personal happiness would not keep her from giving herself to her work.

Then stories began to leak out that Karen was sick. Very sick. There were even insinuations of an incurable malady. Yes, Karen was sick—underweight. But rest and quiet were the only medicines necessary for her complete recovery. She was working on three pictures at one time. They were shooting eighteen hours a day to complete "Gabriel Over The White House," in time for release before the presidential election.

In her delicate condition, was it any

wonder that she was run down and tired out? Maybe now, those who accused her of being difficult and bad-tempered will realize the strain she was under. A healthy seven-pound baby boy proves how serious was her illness.

A new Karen has emerged from the Dark Valley that every woman faces when she goes through the long hours that lead to motherhood. Perhaps that sounds mushy and sentimental, but the same thing might happen to any woman, regardless of whether she faced motherhood or not, if she was given endless time in which to do nothing but think.

Mildred Linton, the shy, sensitive girl, died when Karen embarked on a screen career. In her place was a self-possessed young actress, too busy struggling for success in a new world, to have much perspective on life and herself.

Not until Karen lay in the maternity ward in the hospital did she get a chance to become really acquainted with herself. There, in the midst of realities in sharp contrast with the make-believe elements of the screen world, she had a chance to see her life in perspective, and things began to fall into their proper place.

The things that had caused her unbelievable anguish seemed futile here, where women were facing real pain and where they knew real ecstasy. Karen remembered how many foolish hours she had spent worrying because people didn't like her. She remembered the unhappiness she had felt when she had lost the friendship of Lubitsch because of a few careless words. She remembered what torture it had been to read a trumped-up article about herself by someone who accused her of things she had never dreamed about. She remembered how afraid she had been of saying or doing things, for fear that she would be misunderstood. Now she saw all the politics and the petty jealousies and misunderstandings in Hollywood in their proper perspective.

MAKE no mistake about it—I do not for a moment mean that Karen is going to give up her career on the screen because of her motherhood. Karen has no such intention.

"People always are surprised when you continue to work after bringing a baby into the world," she told me. "But I think it is very necessary, unless a woman feels that her career has given her everything it has to offer. Frankly, mine hasn't. Some day I want to be just Mrs. Charles Vidor. (What an admission from the girl who once said that she would rather eat worms than be an ordinary housewife!). But right now I want to feel I have given a few really worth-while performances."

"Then there is another angle. It isn't a wise thing to see too much of one's children. There is always the danger of fussing too much over them, and spoiling them in the end. That danger is avoided when the mother works during the day. And fortunately, working in pictures, there is time between engagements to keep a close but confining bond."

There is still another way in which

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Karen has been changed by motherhood. It seems to have made her more understanding, more human. She who always was accused of being so cold and selfish seems warmer, friendlier now. She took an absorbing interest in her neighbors at the hospital.

"I almost hate to leave this place," she told me. "You know it's been just like a 'Grand Hotel.' The nurses and internes congregate in here every night. I know about every case on the floor and most of them are really interesting."

"I really shouldn't tell you this (she was doubled up with laughter), but a baby arrived before the doctor got here the other night. Everything was perfectly all right but they were so afraid of frightening the poor father. So when the doctor arrived, they smuggled him through the back door and got him into his cap and apron. A few minutes later he walked out beaming to the father and said, 'Well, Mr. Jones, you have a bouncing baby girl.' If you saw an incident like that on the screen, you probably wouldn't believe that it could happen."

Karen will tell you story after story of incidents like that in the maternity ward. Stories that reveal that at last the girl's personality is awake, that she is responding to the little human incidents of everyday life.

FOR instance, she will tell you of the woman across the hall, an excitable Russian, of no mean proportions. At feeding time her baby had been brought to her and then taken back again. Suddenly, the door opened. A nurse, not realizing she was in the wrong room, placed another baby at her side. "Vat iss dis," cried the woman, "a cafe-teria?"

But Karen, of course, is most excited of all over her own baby. According to her, no baby that was ever born into the world was more wonderful than Michael Karoly Vidor. He arrived as a sort of preview present to his parents. They were on the way back from a pre-showing of a picture directed by Charles Vidor. There was just time to stop by the house, pick up some hastily packed suitcases, and leave for the blessed event.

Charles Vidor was the most excited father on record. Even John Gilbert, who broke all pacing records, was a mere snail in comparison.

In the first place, Vidor was worried because he knew Karen had not been well. Suddenly outside the delivery room, he heard a resounding whack—and then a baby cry.

Unlike most movie heroes, he didn't pass out cold. He waited until a week later. Suddenly realizing that everything was over, his wife and baby out of danger, Vidor partially collapsed in his wife's room. The worry over his dear ones and the long, grinding hours of getting a picture out on time were too much for him.

After the doctor pronounced it no more than a case of shattered nerves, Karen proceeded to enjoy her husband's presence in the hospital. He was on the first floor. She was on the sixth. They'd telephone back and forth all day long. The nurse would carry notes and bring back reports. They'd tell each other 'good night' a dozen times before they finally went to sleep. And something very beautiful had hap-

pened to Charles Vidor in the meanwhile. The picture that was previewed just before Karen's baby was born turned out to be a splendid bit of direction. As a result of that picture, Paramount has given Charles Vidor a grand new contract as a director. The man most people thought too obscure for Karen is forging ahead.

To add to Karen's happiness, there were letters and telegrams from all the friends she valued most in Hollywood.

Karen's suite in the hospital might easily have been turned into a floral shop. There was one huge basket of autumn flowers, that almost filled the room itself. A card on the handle bore a loving message from Ann Dvorak. It was Karen's suggestion to test Ann for her rôle in "Scarface" that had started her on the road to fame. And Ann Dvorak has never forgotten.

There was another beautiful basket of flowers from Joan Crawford. Joan's favorite gardenia was fastened to a card that carried this message, so ironical in view of what has happened to Joan herself, "What a lucky girl you are." I cannot help wondering what Joan's feelings were as she penned those lines.

There were other baskets from the studio executives. A telegram from Mr. Mayer, executive head of Karen's studio, asking for the first option on the new son.

Just before I said good-by, a telegram arrived from Sid Grauman, inviting Karen to the premiere of "Dinner At Eight." Charles Vidor, who has only deserted her long enough to eat, brought up a radio, so she could listen to the broadcast.

A telegram in reply from Karen now hangs in Grauman's office. "I'm sorry I cannot accept your kind invitation to 'Dinner At Eight,'" she wired, "but you see, I have a previous dinner engagement with my new son."

"There's a cameraman downstairs who wants to photograph you with the baby," announced a nurse.

"THAT must be the same one who came when Michael was only five minutes old," laughed Karen. "Well, you might as well let him come up and let Michael make his first personal appearance."

No sooner was I tiptoeing down the corridors of 'no man's land,' than Karen's nurse caught up with me. Returning with her, I found Karen sitting upright in bed.

"I almost forgot the most important thing of all," she cried excitedly. "I've started saving autographed photographs."

What she showed me was the impression of a tiny hand and foot on a glossy piece of paper. Underneath was written, "Michael Karoly Vidor."

All I can say is that Karen's baby has given her a new viewpoint, new courage. The girl who was hostile to Hollywood and afraid of it is coming back to pictures, happier, more adjusted, with a new perspective. Like her friend, Ann Dvorak, she had the courage to take life first, career second.

Because she did, I believe that she will do finer work in the future than she has ever done in the past. She always had everything except warmth and enthusiasm. Now she has what she lacked. Because she was gallant and courageous and took life as she found it, Karen has also found herself, both as an actress and as a woman.

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MOVIE MIRROR

Crashing Hollywood Society

(Continued from page 39)

see the change in temperature when a man brings an uninvited girl. You'd think the poor girl had never set eyes on those "she wondered why she wasn't asked back" advertisements.

So the girls might just as well make up their minds to it. They must put up an honest-to-gosh campaign to get into the holy of holies. It can be done, but there's a long row to hoe. A young man, if he's smart, and doesn't eat peas with a knife, is very likely to get places and see things.

A great deal of Joel McCrea's present screen success is due to his shrewdness during the years he was trying to get a screen break. To begin with Joel had good looks, a fine physique, and a pleasing manner. He came from a good Los Angeles family, but while that certainly isn't a hindrance it is just as assuredly not a great, big help. But, during the summer vacations, Joel swam every day at the Santa Monica Beach Club. A good many picture people belonged to that club, and to the Swimming Club next door. Somehow it's easy to be friendly with people on the beach. The grand lady who would give you Greenland's icy stare on the street will inquire if her back is freckling when she sees you on the beach. Anyway, Joel met a great many film people during those summers. They liked him, invited him to their homes, and were willing to give him a hand-up when his chance came.

BY all means, if you want to mingle with the cinemaland elite, beg, borrow or steal a guest card to one of the exclusive beach clubs. The chances are pretty slim, if you're a stranger in town, of dunking your torso in Malibu's aristocratic waters. The beach clubs are easier to crash, and you'll meet the same people anyway.

If you are a man, the Hollywood Athletic Club is a good place to drop in. If you can play squash your fortune is made. Almost all the motion picture men belong to the H. A. C. Best of all, it isn't a particularly expensive club. View it in the light of a good investment.

Strange as it may seem, one of the best places to meet the famous screen heroes is in a certain institution for growing hair. You're liable to see almost anyone there, and no one feels like putting on the ritz while an attendant is rubbing sheep-dip into the scalp. All bars are down so to speak—no reason on earth why a golf invitation shouldn't follow a shampoo.

The girls will have about the same luck by going to one of the favored beauty parlors. Many a friendship has been started while a renowned movie queen has had her tresses in one of those permanent wave gadgets—you know, the kind that always makes you think of the Spanish Inquisition. Anyway, the attendants will regale you with all the Hollywood gossip. You can get a luscious earful, even if you don't meet Carole Lombard.

It isn't difficult to start a conversation with your favorite movie star if you buy ringside seats at the prizefights. That's almost your only hope of meeting Mae West. Mae is a minus quantity at the

big social functions. If your line is good you might even be able to catch the attention of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. If your line isn't good they'll just go back to holding hands. And if you keep talking MAYBE Gary Cooper will listen to you. Don't expect him to talk. Gary is a quiet boy. If you are really socially ambitious Gary is a good person to know. He gives grand parties, and the very best people clamor for invitations.

While you're taking in the social functions, it might not be a bad idea to drop over to the Los Angeles Tennis Club, particularly if a tournament is in progress. You'll see the screen aristocrats there, and also the creme de la creme of Los Angeles society. But then you're not interested in crashing Los Angeles society. Compared to landing in the Hollywood social scheme, the Los Angeles smart set is just a Lonesome Club. Buy a box at the tennis tournaments. Maybe Constance Bennett will ask to borrow your field glasses.

And if you can manage to play tennis a few times on the courts of the Beverly Hills Hotel you'll find that it isn't so difficult to get close-up views of your favorites. You might even be asked to help make up a set of doubles—that is, if your tennis is what it should be.

You will have a swell time going to the Coconut Grove, to the various Derby cafés, and to the Colony Club (if you can get in). It won't do your social aspirations much good, however. The stars who are so friendly in the open air close up like the proverbial Scotchman's pocket-book when the electricians are turned on. It does, on the other hand, help to familiarize your face. It's a well known fact if you stare long enough and hard enough at even the most hoity-toity star she will bow eventually. She meets so many people that she never knows for sure whether or not you've been introduced. And she doesn't want to appear TOO ritzy. You might be important.

LIKE all social aspirants the world over you just can't be too sensitive. If your feelings bruise easily you'd better just join a correspondence club and forget all about it. But if you can get one well known person to befriend you you're sitting pretty, as Sophocles always used to say. After the first high fence has been surmounted, and you are inside the sacred inclosure, Hollywood society is the most informal in the world. One invitation leads to another.

Maybe you didn't know, but many well known screen players find the colony's upper circle just as difficult to invade as does the casual visitor from Kennebunkport. You'd be surprised to know who belongs and who doesn't belong. There was the famous stage actress who never did seem to be invited to the right places. She was colorful and amusing, but verged a trifle too much on the eccentric. By golly, you can't go diving into swimming pools with all your clothes on and be asked to meet the family. Then again there was the famous star who was not urged to attend a dinner party where

MOVIE MIRROR

every other star on that particular lot had received invitations.

"Why?" she wailed. "I'm only having ONE love affair now." But it seemed that Hollywood regarded her love life a bit too active.

Lilyan Tashman set out to scale the cinema social heights—and did. I can remember when Lil was considered a trifle too spectacular by the old guard. Now she is invited everywhere, and is one of the really important hostesses of the colony. She entertains not only the Hollywood socially elect, but New York registries and European titles.

If you've had an ear to the ground you've realized for some time that titles are a drug on the market right now. Titles were fun for awhile. Most of the stars came from modest walks of life, and it seemed pretty impressive to introduce the Duke of something or other to your friends. But the Duke usually stayed too long. The welcome sign on the doormat was worn to a shred. Then, too, the Duke was inclined to run up bills on his hostess, and was just a bit condescending in addition. It isn't fun to be ritzed while you're paying the bills until it hurts.

Only one titled lady has been a Hollywood social success in recent months. She is the Countess Dorothy Frasso, and Dorothy is an American woman with an assured place in New York society as well as in the Italian nobility. She has her own fortune, and is not interested in Hollywood merely as a good hotel and meal ticket while traveling.

IT was through the countess that Gary Cooper ascended the heights of society. Gary, long before, had been popular with all who knew him, but he wasn't society. Perhaps Lupe Velez had something to do with it. Lupe is liked, too, but some hostesses feel that she is a bit too exciting for the drawing room. There is always the feeling that Lupe might chin herself on the chandelier at any moment. But the countess, and her friend, Mary Pickford, took Gary in hand. They helped him give several parties. They were very nice parties, too, and presto chango, Gary belonged to the best people.

Bruce Cabot is another young man who has become popular in the social circles. Even before his screen success he demonstrated an ability to make himself pleasant at parties. People liked him, and the invitations began to come in. Another case of hostess being willing to accept a good looking young man. Hollywood dinner parties are usually shy a man or two. I've seen hostesses go into apoplexy trying to distribute place cards so the table wouldn't look like a sorority luncheon.

As far as I know there has been no wild stampede to include Mae West on the snootier guest lists. The general opinion seems to be that Mae offscreen would be just like Mae on the screen, and maybe that would be a trifle too-too. It's a mistaken opinion, for Mae can handle the social amenities just as well as anybody else, but she is not hankering for a place in the 400. She's too busy writing scenarios, plays and books when she isn't doing her stuff for the camera. Anyway, she'll take her society at the ringside every Friday night, thank you.

If you really want to know the VERY

best way to crawl under society's barbed wire fence, just be a champion of something or other. It doesn't matter a shucks what. Hollywood loves champions. Eleanor Holm, the Olympic swimming champion, got a contract and scads of invitations. Of course, the fact that she kept company at first with Carl Laemmle, Jr., didn't do a bit of harm. Johnny Weissmuller was popular until he settled down with Lupe Velez. Now they have their own social set a-deux. Buster Crabbe was another lad to receive more invitations than he could accept. Now he's married to a non-professional and has no wish to mingle with the screen nabobs. There are almost innumerable cases of the sort. It was comparatively easy for a sporting celebrity to get a Pickfair invitation when Douglas Fairbanks was in town. Doug loved athletics, and he was invariably interested in all people from the world of sport. I'm not forgetting, either, the movie girl who asked a whole football squad out to her house for the evening.

How do you know when you are in Hollywood society? The criterion still seems to be invitations to Pickfair and the Marion Davies beach house. It's far from impossible to crash either place. Both Mary and Marion entertain often, and are not violently opposed, in case of big parties, to having guests bring a friend. The catch comes in finding the person who will give you that necessary entrée. If you want to see the interior of Pickfair, the people to cultivate are the Charlie Farrells, the Johnny Mack Browns, the Countess Frasso, Frances Marion, and Mary's cousin, Verna Chalif. If you hanker to see the shining Davies castle built upon the sand, try winning the friendship of Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Crocker, or Frances Marion.

YOU can also feel that you are in the social swim if you attend a party at the homes of Bebe Daniels, Constance Talmadge, or Lilyan Tashman. Ruth Chatterton is very intellectual, and unless you're up on all the isms and ologies you probably will feel like a fish out of water, and wouldn't have much fun, anyway. Joan Crawford gives only very small parties, and for some reason I've never been able to fathom, has never been an important social figure in the colony. Maybe it's because she has been too busy with her career. Norma Shearer's dinner parties are usually confined to executives, people with whom she and Irving Thalberg work. Garbo has been a guest in that house, however, and that's no sneezing matter. A new hostess, promising to be an important one in time to come, is also rising on the horizon. It's little Dorothy Jordan, now the wife of Merian Cooper, the RKO-Radio chieftain. Janet Gaynor is almost a recluse, and Marie Dressler is not well enough to entertain extensively.

It's possible to meet anyone in Hollywood, but weak heart never won fair invitation to whoopee party.

Of course, if it's Garbo you want to know (and who doesn't?) you'd better just disguise yourself as a sage brush on some isolated mountain trail. Or, better still, wait until the next time she goes to her favorite Mexican café down in the native quarter, and upset a tamale in her lap. That SHOULD get you some place.

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says
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Jean Gets Her Camera Man

(Continued from page 35)

What, then, did he hold for her? I put my demand again, more simply.

"Was your only reason for picking on Harold," I asked, "the fact that he is able to take you out of mob-scenes?"

"Not entirely!" she retorted, making a little face. "You see, he looks after me. He makes me behave and like it. When I'm frightened—and I have frightened moments—he understands and sees me through. As a matter of fact," she added, laughing, "I happen to be rather in love with him!"

Behind her joking manner, I now perceived a new tenderness, a softness which was not in the steel-like glamor of the old Jean. There was a calmness, a poise, and a straightforward look which told eloquently enough how well she had herself in hand; not only the outer shell of her, but the inner, spiritual woman—Jean Harlow was now quiet and unafraid. There must be something well worth while about this "unexpected husband," thought I. She had, seemingly, done well. So I switched our talk to some amusing incidents about the runaway match, which had knocked all Hollywood speechless with astonishment.

"I DIDN'T dare to tell Mother we were going to fly to Yuma," Jean said. "She's deathly afraid of my flying. But if I'd have mentioned it, I'd have been a lot more comfortable, because Mother picked out the dress I was to wear—a black velvet suit trimmed with silver fox. For the nights are cool now and it would have been all right, motoring. But both of us forgot that Yuma is on the desert. The cabin of the plane was hot enough, but when we arrived at our destination, the thermometer stood at ninety, even at three in the morning. My dress! It looked as if someone had crumpled it up in a ball and let the dog sleep on it!"

Another bit of comedy was furnished by the young daughter of Judge Freeman, the "Marrying Judge" of Yuma, who has tied the knot for hundreds and hundreds of motion picture celebrities. It was almost four in the morning when the bridal-pair climbed the steep steps to the little bungalow on the Mesa-top which is the Judge's home, and rang the door-bell long and lustily. The sleeping town was bathed in moonlight, silvery and magical as the bride's uncovered head. Below the Mesa, the Colorado River cut the surrounding desert with its gold-green waters, wending its mysterious way amid the whispering cotton-woods, which line its banks. Far as the eye could see, the desert, still shimmering in the heat of the departed sun, spread endlessly, dotted with strange mountains of fantastic shape, and distantly, a coyote howled. Then, after what seemed an endless wait, the door of the Judge's house opened and a little girl appeared. The visitors' wishes were explained, and she invited them in, yawning, and holding her dressing-gown around her, switched on a light, found them seats in the living-room with great casualness, and said she would go and tell her father. Jean could hear her knocking on his door and his sleepy voice asking what it was?

"Oh, nothing much!" replied the little

girl. "It's just Jean Harlow, and she wants to get married!"

The Judge is a lovely soul. He performed the same ceremony for me, once, so I know all about him and all about Yuma elopements. He not only ties the knot, he makes you coffee, and good coffee, and his handsome face beams a genuine good-will which ought to prove a benediction on all his clients. And Jean felt it, too.

"It's almost like having an ideal father perform the ceremony, isn't it?" she asked me. "I feel it's going to bring me luck, his having married us!"

That, then, was that! All but the hop back in the purring plane, over the desert, painted now by the first rays of the rising sun, and so to Hollywood and the day's work, for both bride and groom, who kept at the picture until two o'clock the following morning in order not to hold up production; just a couple of good troupers, starting their new partnership off in the ancient tradition of true sportsmanship.

"Just what is this marriage going to mean to you, Jean?" I asked over my second cup of tea. "What do you plan for the future?"

For a moment she was silent, and then she looked me directly in the eyes—and when she does that, Jean's mind seems wide open to you—there is obviously no effort at concealment of her real thought.

"I haven't any plans," she said simply. "Life has taught me not to make them. We have already picked up our lives just where they were twenty-four hours ago. The only difference is, that we are together. But plans? Who but a dreamer, an optimist or a fool, makes plans? My feeling about life is that, if we do today's job today, as well and as honestly as we know how, tomorrow will take care of itself. One day's problems are enough for anybody to take care of at a time. Nobody knows what tomorrow will bring. But if, when it comes, you can say to yourself that yesterday was met with courage, you have lived. I think, as bravely and wisely as it is given one to do."

I AM quoting Jean's exact words. Knowing her as I do, and remembering what she has lived through, I feel those words are of profound importance as an indication of her character. But Jean was not through talking. She shifted in her seat and, picking the head off one of the big white Shasta daisies from a bouquet which stood at her elbow, she began to pluck the petals.

"Do you know," she began, "I sometimes think that Life is like a big department store. Full of everything one could want, and all these things available to those who wish for them, or need them. And everything is marked with a price! Nothing is free, everything is for sale, if you can afford it . . . The careful shopper looks at the price-tag before buying. I believe too many of us just snatch up an article without considering the cost. One learns, if one's credit is ever cut off, to think carefully before choosing, and deciding if the article is worth the price or not? There's a lot of cheap trash on sale in this Store of Life, and some people

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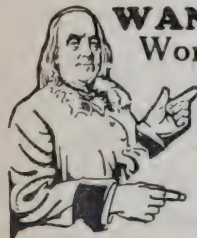
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MOVIE MIRROR

are fooled by it. They are greedy, perhaps, and grab at shoddy articles which won't wear. But the wise woman wants her purchase to be all wool and a yard wide, and tests its warmth in her hands before she buys!"

Again I am quoting verbatim!

"And so," said I, a trifle flippantly, "what price Harold Rosson?"

"A good investment," said Jean firmly, "I'm sure of it!"

And now for a few comments of my own on this extraordinary young woman whose career in motion pictures has been marked by more divided opinion and misunderstanding than that of almost any other successful feminine star. And I want to begin by saying that never in my life have I been as completely surprised than when I met Jean Harlow.

I was utterly unprepared for the extent of her culture. Somehow or other, with all her obvious attraction and her rapidly developing talent as an actress, I had never expected her to have aristocratic qualities. Yet Jean is what can only be described in that hackneyed and much abused term, "A Lady." She not only has

the instincts but the manners of the upper crust; a combination of good taste and simplicity, guided by her directness of speech and thought. Away from the screen and the sort of part which we associate her with, Jean Harlow would grace, with natural, inconspicuous ease, the drawing rooms of Long Island or Mayfair. There's more to that head of hers than a thatch of platinum hair. Her speech is cultured, well modulated, but more than all that, when she speaks, she says something. There is a clean, direct curiosity about life behind all her conversation, even when it concerns her struggles to learn golf and her enthusiasm about fishing. These things are not a pose with her. Indeed the first thing which strikes you about this girl, is that she is wholly without pretense of any kind.

Here, in short, is a darned nice American girl, who's lived through tragedy, and come out cleanly and bravely. She's making a new try at happiness with a simple, strong he-man who intends looking after his woman and protecting her. Both from herself and the world at large. Jean deserves this break. And you, I'm sure, will say with me:

"Good luck to you, Jean."

Marlene the Magnificent

(Continued from page 13)

a sort of spiritual peace and good living.

"And Vienna—the out of door cafés. And the little restaurants in the country!" She half closed her eyes, remembering.

"There are green branches above the doors to show that there is new wine. And at night you sit at little tables under the stars. And drink wine. And listen to music. Gypsy music. Everyone is gay with the music. And sad, too. That is the best of life."

Have I been able to tell you, now, why I like Marlene Dietrich?

Clothes, curiously enough, mean little to her. Oh, she buys them, lovely things, in Hollywood and in Paris. But they do not touch her very closely.

She feels, now, that far too much was made over the trouser wearing episode. In Hollywood a girl can wear what she wants to—there are so many oddly-clad people there—and no one notices. She had no idea that in New York her trousers would be taken so seriously.

"In Hollywood, when I'm not working," she said, "some times for three or four days I don't dress at all. Pyjamas are so comfortable! And when I go to the studio in the morning I put a coat over my pyjamas and don't dress until I put on the costume for my picture. And I hate clothes that slip on over my head!"

She pantomimed a tight dress being pulled on. "I feel imprisoned. I like things that go on like coats—and button. What can I do? Gowns do slip on over the head, you know."

It never occurs to her that Marlene Dietrich, the movie star, could have her things made the way she wanted them.

As a matter of fact she doesn't half realize nor take advantage of the things a star can do. She has assumed none of the affectations of stardom.

Indeed I believe she has been bad copy for the simplest reason in the world—she isn't conceited enough—doesn't give a

hang about publicity. She hates to be interviewed—doesn't know what to say. She hasn't a fund of pat, pretty stories. She likes nice things said about her work—wants her pictures to be popular. Her idea is that she does the best she can while she works and that if her pictures are good enough people will like her as an artist. Which ought to be enough.

We talked about eating. I always talk about food.

She said: "Perhaps I ought to diet. I may be a little heavy." She didn't look heavy. And she didn't look worried. "When I am happiest I never think about eating. There are too many other things to think about then. I always eat too much when I am miserable."

I asked her if she missed her stage audiences.

"I never had them," she said. "On the stage I had only small parts. The audiences were not there to see me. Some day I do hope to play on the stage."

She has no definite plans. About a permanent home. How many pictures she will make. Nor what she will do, afterwards. She wants her family with her. A comfortable, *gemütlich* household. Music. She is still young enough not to bother too much about the future.

You see, she hadn't planned on success. And she isn't any happier than she was, years ago, when she played bits in the theatre in Germany. Excepting in her work. It's good to feel you are successful, while you are working.

I can't pretend to predict the future for Marlene Dietrich. With Mr. von Sternberg and good stories there's no telling how long she'll be popular—how far she'll go. If she keeps on giving the public glamour and romance and beauty . . . With another director she may sink back into being just another foreign actress—or disappear from the screen altogether.

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Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 67)

is reached. What with the Burbank heat, the torrid nature of the dance and the lights on the set, the sprinkling system took matters in its own hand and went into action.

The girls were dancing madly when the deluge descended. In a few seconds the girls, costumes, set and onlookers resembled Father Noah at the peak of the deluge.

And then came the pleasant surprise, sort of like the sun after a shower. The submerged chorines were given a week's vacation with pay while new costumes were made and experts called in to prevent the sprinkling system from using its own judgment again in matters of temperature.

Irving Thalberg has been knighted. What is his title? "The Tsar of all the Rushes."

Which brings to mind another Russian tale. When Lionel Barrymore was working in "Rasputin and the Empress" two wags came to him and said "The front office has decided to change the title of this picture. They feel that the name Rasputin doesn't mean enough to the public."

As Barrymore was playing the title rôle in the production, he worried over it for about five minutes then solemnly asked just what they did intend to call it. One stooge looked wise and said "The new title is 'Say it with Moujik'."

A gold star on Constance Bennett's report card. She was within a few days of turning French for the Moulin Rouge picture when sinus trouble hit her between the eyes. Rather than hold up the company she asked the fitters and designer to come to her house and she stood for three hours while they fitted her. All during the pulling and pinning she was charming. Any one who can be gracious and have the very painful sinus at the same time should be awarded the title of head girl scout.

Collecting first editions is a business in Hollywood, this being the largest market next to New York. So far so good. But the books are to be neither touched nor read. They are sealed in cellophane and hidden away. If anyone is rash enough to ask to read one of them, the far-sighted collector is ready for even that unheard-of emergency. A reader's copy is sent along with the first edition on its purchase and the undiplomatic scholar is given the roustabout to use. The collector's idea probably being that the same set of words is in each book, a similar idea as the time that the producer was told that one of his companies was going to Yosemite to shoot some outdoor scenes. He said sagely, "A rock is a rock and a tree is a tree, go to Griffith Park."

Dorothy Lee when she married Marshal Duffield was asked if she was in love. Her answer was "I don't know whether it is love or just habit but this is the way to find out." It must have been love. When a girl carries a mink muff all through the summer just because a guy gave it to her, that isn't just routine.

Yes, Eadie was—and is a lady. That's

why she has held her job as hairdresser with M-G-M, ever since she came from Germany fourteen years ago. Among the thousands she has taken care of, was one actress whose dancing eyes and lovable personality won for her the rôle of Melisande in "The Big Parade." This was Renee Adoree. Every morning Eadie would dress her hair and get her to the set on time. Recently she was called in again. Renee Adoree was answering her last call. Eadie made her look as beautiful as possible. Once more the beloved "Melisande" started on the "Big Parade."

The christening of the Arlen and Crosby heirs was quite an event out Toluca Lake way. The invitations invited friends and relatives to the dunking of "Elmer" and "Gunder." The young gentlemen didn't take to the occasion at all—especially when it came to practically complete submersion. All of which goes to prove just how actors are born!

When Marlene Dietrich returned from Europe, Joseph Von Sternberg motored to Pasadena and met the train. After the first greetings were over, there followed a long conversation in excited German. To most of the onlookers, it sounded like the finishing touches to what might be a big business deal. But a cameraman standing close by, who "speaks the language," translated Marlene's words. According to the star, the new Hitler law for actors does not affect those on foreign shores. Only those actors who are now in Germany are forced to remain at home. And maybe you think the teutonic tornado isn't happy!

Texas Guinan, plastered with paste jewelry was making a news-reel shot for Fox Movietone. Her dress, a gown that she wears in "Broadway through a Key-hole" was of black sequins with a fan-shaped Prisoner of Zenda collar of shiny, greased black feathers so high and spreading that she looked as though she were backed up against an ebony aurora borealis. As a savory she wore black cellophane finger-nails, so long that they looked like the black keys on a piano. In this coal-miner's nightmare, she gave an impassioned speech. She told them that she was about to stop making suckers out of the heels on Broadway and begin making angels out of the souls in Los Angeles. At the sound of the words "couvert charge" Eddie Cantor popped up from nowhere, also a symphony in black. He was doing black-face a la Roman in a short-sleeved, short-skirted slave costume, with black grease-paint on all the exposed sections of his stringy frame. Texas must have thought that her finger-nails were throwing a shadow over Cantor for she stopped her speech with a gasp as he floated past in the background. Her loudest Hallelujah frittered away in mid-air. The Movietone man asked Cantor if he would say a few words with the midnight Guinan. Eddie asked, "Do I get paid for this?" The answer was no. Mr. Cantor vanished as quickly as a wisp of cinder-laden smoke.

MOVIE MIRROR

At a party in a café in Hollywood, Bing Crosby and his wife Dixie were among the guests. Bing was overcome with a desire for song. Dixie was so busy dissecting a steak that she didn't notice his absence. She looked up just as Bing opened his mouth to emit his first "croon." Dixie, in a voice that carried all too clearly to Bing said "Come back and sit down, Crooner, do you think you are still working at the Coconut Grove?" Bing came back and sat down.

Mr. W. R. Hearst is an epicure. At his ranch in San Simeon, he serves dishes foreign to both local tastes and local pocket-books. One night, seated at the dinner-table which accommodates sixty people, he served marrow as the piece de resistance. Each guest glanced down and found a bone, regal in its exclusiveness, slumbering in a nest of parsley. One hungry diner turned a baffled glance to his neighbor and asked "Say, do they think I'm Gandhi?"

Jack Oakie holds the record for the only man whose wallet is harder to open than his heart. Peggy Hopkins Joyce asked him to get her a radio. It was such a modest request that Joyce didn't even feel the need of using her number one lure look. So Oakie changed his red and yellow sweater for a green sweat-shirt and went forth on his errand of love, a freckled mid-summer Santa Claus. He bought her a charming and dulcet-toned radio, so sweet sounding that Peggy was entranced and thanked him in the voice she uses only for diamonds. But her bliss was short-lived. With the other hand, Oakie dealt out the bill. The beautiful tones of the radio turned sour and Peggy's disposition even more rancid. But Oakie, his Hollywood training coming to the fore, answered "I got you a better radio than you could ever find, and cheaper too." We had better end this little sonata in that key. It turned sordid.

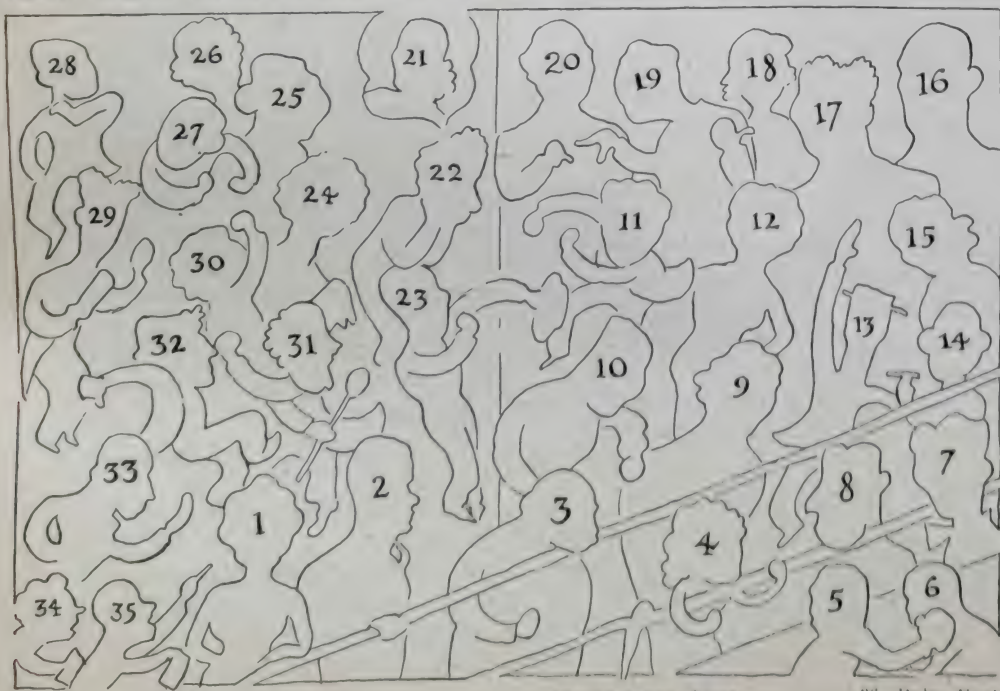
Constance Cummings was standing on the stage, holding a hoop and feeling very

silly in a little girl's white ruffled dress when a man walked over to her. He said "You don't remember me, do you Miss Cummings." Constance gave the bow on her bobbed wig a pat and said "No, I don't believe I do." The man said "I met you at a dinner party a few nights ago." Connie rolled the hoop a turn or two to give her time to place the man's face but before either she or the hoop arrived at their goals, the man said "I am Joseph Schenk." Connie and the hoop both wilted. Mr. Schenk is Miss Cummings' boss.

The Goldwyn chorus girls were all atwitter over the new number for the Roman Bath. The great morning arrived, the girls were made-up and their hair was dressed, then they rushed to the wardrobe to be glorified. The first girl stood at the fitting room door, eager for the first sight of her costume. An eclipse of gloom travelled across her shining orbs as she was given a bath-towel. It was a glorified towel to be sure, with velvet covering the outer side, stencilled with a Roman design; but no matter how you turned it, it remained a bath towel. The girl wouldn't have felt so frustrated if she had been given a safety pin or even a sponge along with it. Little groups formed in corners, the modern Romans trying to figure out just how to use the towel as an adornment, it being such a mundane and uncertain article of apparel. But the problem was too deep for the show-girls. They wound themselves into the necessary but unromantic offenders and walked slowly toward the bath.

Tallulah Bankhead swims in the most amazing costumes. Her favorite bathing suit is a pair of black pajamas. One morning she was splashing around in the pool in a white evening dress, giving her diamonds a bath at the same time, when a friend of hers appeared. Tallulah raised a heavily braceleted arm out of the water and with an elegant gesture said "Won't you join me in a plate of soup?"

KEY TO THE FIGHTER'S EYE VIEW ON PAGES 38, 39



- | | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Mae West | 10. Jack Oakie | 18. Adrienne Ames | 26. Ruby Keeler |
| 2. Robert Montgomery | 11. James Cagney | 19. Lee Tracy | 27. Al Jolson |
| 3. Wallace Beery | 12. Sylvia Sydney | 20. Edward G. Robinson | 28. Walter Winchell |
| 4. Lupe Velez | 13. Buster Keaton | 21. Greta Garbo | 29. Groucho |
| 5. & 6. Two pugs | 14. Robt. Woolsey | 22. Jimmy Durante | 30. Zeppo |
| 7. Bert Wheeler | 15. Carole Lombard | 23. Maurice Chevalier | 31. Harpo |
| 8. Joe E. Brown | 16. Primo Carnera | 24. Joan Blondell | 32. Chico |
| 9. "Tarzan" Weissmuller | 17. Max Baer | 25. Clark Gable | 33. George Raft |

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 69)

No Stir

Why all the stir over Katharine Hepburn? She's a fairly good actress, but no better than the majority of stars. They like to call her "different" and glamorous but outside of an unusually homely face, I can see nothing extraordinary in her appearance.

As a matter of fact, I believe Hepburn's type is getting to be a drug on the market. Why can't we have a few honest-to-goodness, natural acting characters for a change? Sincerity and imagination are all the public demands.

Susan Pettengill,
South Bend, Indiana.

Incentive

This is not Greta Garbo writing to tell you how the movies taught her more about learning to speak English than a language course but another Swede trying to get on in the world.

When I came to America a few years ago I was scared to death because I didn't know enough English. I took a language course but it was too much for my square head, I guess, until I became a movie fan. You'd be surprised how quickly I learned to speak. The pictures were so interesting that I had to concentrate in order to follow the story.

Ay tank ay go to the movies!

Greta Lindstrom,
Delmar, New York.

Chinaman's Champion

Whenever we see a Chinese motion picture, it's always about the secret passage, the poison dagger or the silken cord about some lily-white throat. Isn't it about time these false traditions were obliterated?

After reading Pearl Buck's prize-winning novel which so truthfully portrays the Chinese characteristics, and talking with Americans who have lived in China, I have found that these sinister characters are only wild figments of some scenarist's imagination.

Besides my Chinese laundryman is the meekest man I know and the only dirty work he does is when he gets my weekly bundle.

The movies have corrected so many wrong impressions that I hope the next Who Flung Dung picture will depict the Chinaman in his true colors so that we can get a peaceful night's rest after the show, instead of imagining shuffling feet and a cold dagger at our throats.

James Mitchell,
Bedford, Virginia.

Turn About Is Fair Play

Doesn't anyone ever grow bored with this continual dearth of motion pictures taken from successful stage plays? Are writers and producers in Hollywood so lacking in creative ability that year after year they have to turn to Broadway for inspiration?

A good stage play is enjoyable theatrical fare, but it is seldom possible to transfer an opus intended for the footlights to the scope demanded by the screen.

The piece merely becomes too much "talkie" and puts the little collection of paid customers to sleep in the air-cooled cinema cathedral.

The picture industry is too great to be obliged to merely reflect last season's successful plays. Why not make this year's triumphant motion picture next year's Broadway success?

Robert Downing,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Legitimate Adaptations

Thank Heavens, Hollywood has finally gone in for stage play adaptations in a large way. Capable stars need no longer be cast in mediocre films, now that there are so many perfectly splendid stage plays to select from. In the old "silent" days, diction could be good, bad or indifferent. Reversely, stage plays require perfect diction and clever dialogue. Thus stage plays with these attributes are sought, and the result—better talking pictures.

Dorothy Marion Ringer,
Tacoma, Washington.

More Variety

There is nothing any producer could do to make me attend movies oftener, except make more and better pictures as I love the theatre and go to the movies even when they are poor. However, I would like a little more variety on the menu. Hollywood seems to have a one-track mind. For instance, a jungle or circus picture brings in a big box-office return and immediately every producer stops in his tracks and makes animal pictures. The same thing happens with westerns, mysteries, and musicals. Why not vary them more? And how about some good comedies for a change?

Kathryn Bradford,
Dayton, Ohio.

Wants to Believe

I haven't "got religion" but I do go to the movies with the same mental attitude of those who go to revivals: i. e. *I want to believe*. I need more than mild exhortations to make me accept some things. For instance, there was Carole Lombard as a library assistant, rebuffing Clark Gable among the stacks with all the finesse of a dance hall hostess—and practically with the same rhetoric. And Joan Crawford singing a German song with a pronunciation that showed the German language had been picked up for a scene in "Possessed" . . . miscasting, says someone. Yes, because the movies, thanks to press-agentry have become such a terrifically personal art, that it's easy to miscast. But on the other hand, we always find Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Alison Skipworth or Robert Montgomery credible, however they're cast. Can they be better actors? Or is it heresy, a sort of atheism of the movie fan, to speak of acting when the shape of an eyebrow, a marital experiment, a lip make-up is of such exceeding importance? I'm confused; I suppose I'm not a true convert, but I repeat: I do want to believe.

Spencer Weeks,
Minneapolis, Minn.

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30x5.00-20		2.85 1.05	32x4 1/2	3.35 1.15	
28x5.25-18		2.90 1.15	33x4 1/2	3.45 1.15	
29x5.25-19		2.95 1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.15	
30x5.25-20		2.95 1.15	30x5	3.65 1.35	
31x5.25-21		3.25 1.15	33x5	3.75 1.45	
28x5.50-18		3.35 1.15	35x5	3.95 1.65	
29x5.50-19		3.35 1.15			
30x5.50-20		3.40 1.15			
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1926 Broadway New York City

Gilbert - Garbo — Greatest of All Combines

Having definitely received the news that John Gilbert is to be co-starred once again with the magnetic Greta Garbo in her forthcoming M-G-M production of "Queen Christina" I decided to voice my opinion to the countless thousands of Gilbert fans.

The greatest box-office combination in the history of the cinema to be revived! Happy days are here again! Memories of "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," and "A Woman of Affairs" flash before my mind once more. Handsome flashing Gilbert, a perfect foil for the beautiful, alluring Garbo. No matter what his present standing is, John Gilbert is really a great actor, and given a rôle worthy of his talent, he makes these so-called "shieks" of today, such as Gable and Brent and a dozen others, seem ridiculous.

Jim Monohan,
So. Lawrence, Mass.

Warm and Westerly

When Horace Greely said "Go West, young man," he had never seen a movie. He may have had some ideas about the future of our great country, but Mae West has some great ideas about our glorious past. How that girl can cause the convolutions of memory to unreel, and revive the smouldering embers of love's young dream, is simply a caution. Mae can simply carry the entire audience, young

and old; the youngsters regret that they did not know our day, and we "old uns" are grateful for the glorious past.

Please tell Mae she has warmed the cockles of my heart.

Matthew Carney,
Newfields, N. H.

Incensed Against Censors

How much longer are we to be under the blue nosed censor rule? To have a film cut, snipped and hacked to pieces so that what might have been a true to life, logical story becomes something that resembles a jig-saw puzzle, with several pieces missing!

It seems to me that the average adult is capable of selecting his own movie fare. We resent anyone's deciding for us what we may or may not see.

The woman's clubs, too, it seems, spend more time looking for evil than in a more worthy pursuit.

Just let a star get into trouble, whether he be at fault or not, these clubwomen immediately pounce upon the unfortunate player, shrieking "Ban his pictures!"

If anyone has a right to ban anyone's pictures, it's the public that should decide, and not a narrow-minded circle of reformers who are far from perfect themselves.

A kick right where it will do the most good to these "holier than thou" hypocrites and a huge bouquet to the movies.

I. Hoffman,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Mae West's Life Story

(Continued from page 78)

didn't like me and I didn't like her.

"Now, I wasn't a hoodlum. I wasn't going to hurt her damn old house. But what did she do?—a few minutes after we arrived, I noticed one of those flower-bouquets under a glass bell that used to adorn what we called 'whatnots'. The shiny glass dome pleased me. I reached out a little hand—this was when I was about five—and stroked the pretty glass.

"Instantly, the old one began to scold. 'No, no, no, no—mustn't touch,' she snapped at me.

"I glared at her. Then, without a word, I stalked into the bedroom, got my own hat and coat and put them on, picked up my mother's hat and coat, strode back into the parlor and threw—yes THREW the hat and coat into my mother's lap. Then I walked out, stood by the front fence, and waited for her.

"Oh, what a commotion! My mother came running out. So did the two sisters. The younger one carried an orange and an apple. The older one actually carried the flowers under glass and told me I could have it if I'd come back in! But I wouldn't. Not even my mother's beggings changed my mind. And we had to leave. My mother came nearer to scolding me that day than ever in her life, I believe. Yet she didn't. But never again did she take me along when she went to visit that house.

"And so, there I was, emerging from babyhood into girlhood already well established as a hard-headed little miss who knew what she wanted—and got it. And then came a discovery.

"I discovered sex . . . !

"Oh, don't gasp. Don't imagine that this is going to be a Frank Harris type of confessional. What I mean is that I discovered boys were ever so much nicer playmates than girls, for quite a few reasons. For one thing, I found I could handle them easier and get my own way with them easier—by being nice to them sometimes, and sometimes not so nice.

"And I discovered, too, that boys in long pants were very, very much more interesting, for quite a few reasons, than boys in short pants. So I went for boys in long pants long before I was old enough to know what it was all about.

"And then came my first beau. You'll be surprised when I tell you who he was. At the time, he was just one of the boys in the neighborhood—one with long pants, though. Later, he became famous on the stage. I'll tell you about that.

"And I'll tell you, too, about that nice teacher I used to have—a man teacher—who used to keep me after school and let me sit on his knee—well, I used to think he was such a nice man, then. But if I'd known what I know now!" H'm-m-m. . .

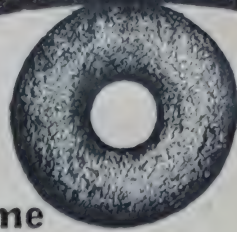
"And then, too, mixed in with this early day, quite non-understanding awareness of how interesting sex could be and how much a smart little girl could accomplish thereby, came also my step into the theatrical profession. Life became very, very interesting.

"C'm on, and let me tell you about it next month."

End First Installment

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You can make steady, daily profits, more than double your cost, making electric-baked, GREASELESS do-nuts at home with the Ringer Electric Do-Nut Baker. It makes delicious, large do-nuts that SELL! "I bake from 75 to 144 dozen do-nuts a day. Have 10 people working for me. Everybody is crazy about the whole-wheat do-nuts." Mrs. Peter Barkdale, Virginia. "We already have a nice restaurant and store trade built up." M. W. Palmer, Pa. "In a town of about 3000, we increased our sales from 50 dozen the first of the week to 200 dozen the last of the week." Mrs. Flora D. Lane, Iowa.

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The manufacturer wants 500 men and women at once to help him introduce this strange chemical sponge. He offers to send one for trial to the first person in each locality who writes him. Send in your name today—also ask for full particulars on how you can get the Agency and without experience or capital make up to \$90 a week. Address: KRISTEE MFG. CO., 442 Bar St. AKRON, OHIO

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Men and women step into this big pay job at once. Demonstrate and take orders for marvelous Guaranteed line, new, pure, fresh silk hosiery. Service strictly guaranteed or replaced. Selling outfit including 5 full samples of hosiery sent absolutely free—no deposit. Big demand. Mills, Minn., reports earnings \$120.00 one week. No experience necessary. Spare or full time satisfactory. Write for Free Outfit Quick—No. 812. Betterknot Hosiery Co., Columbus, Ohio.

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"I WAS TRIED

Mrs. Jessie Costello's



Mrs. Jessie Costello, cuddling her three-year-old son, Bobbie, while in jail at Salem, Massachusetts, during her trial for the murder of her husband

"I HAVE spent five months of the last year in jail, in a desperate battle for my life. I had long days and nights to think; time to regret my folly; to see where I was wrong. And here, in the pages of TRUE STORY Magazine, I am tracing how my life was wrecked by a natural, human, impulsive indiscretion that perhaps some woman reading this may realize and be warned in time."

Whether it be the story of much publicized Jessie Costello or unknown Jessie Jones, a life story is a true story. Names are but labels that help identify the actors and actresses in the human drama being revealed. Many people unknown away from the family hearthside live through adventures so dramatic, so poignant, so utterly appealing that fiction is colorless by comparison. Such are the stories revealed in this magazine. Every story in TRUE STORY has an original in life.

DECEMBER **TRUE**

GET YOUR COPY TODAY AT

FOR MURDER"

Own Story at Last!

MANY people may still persist in their private belief that Jessie Costello was guilty of the murder of her husband, despite the jury's verdict after a trial that lasted four weeks. The world is often unfair; perhaps more often than not. It is important to remember that a great bulk of the testimony was never published. Owing to its nature it was withheld from the newspapers and from the public. For that reason, if you followed the daily accounts of this woman's trial for her life, you read and knew but a minor portion of the full true story.

Now, in TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, in one of the most gripping life-true narratives that magazine has ever given its readers, Mrs. Costello reveals in her own words the whole story. It may confirm an opinion you already hold. It may cause you to alter your views. Either way, it will hold you absorbed to the last poignant word. Be sure to read, "I Was Tried for Murder," the greatest human document of the year, today. It's complete in December TRUE STORY, on sale wherever magazines are sold.



The jury visiting the modest home of Mrs. Costello in the little town of Peabody, Mass.

"My Common Law Marriage"

*When Twenty Years Comes Back
to Accuse a Man*



Edward McMahon, the policeman who claimed he had a secret love affair with Mrs. Costello, is here shown with his wife. This picture of McMahon, dubbed by the tabloids "the kiss-and-tell cop," is but one of the score of illustrations for this story

If TRUE STORY did not hold in its files affidavits attesting the truth of this prize-winning story, it would be hard to believe that in daily life a prosperous business man could discover that the new maid in his home was his own daughter! Yet this is the case, and Roger Brown's revelation of this dramatic situation is another story to prove that truth is stranger than fiction.

"Why did you come here?" he asked the girl.

"I don't know exactly why, sir," she answered. "My grandmother said something about a debt owing us here that she was going to collect."

The figure of his first wife's mother rose before Roger Brown. Again he saw the burning hatred in her eyes. What terrible revenge was she preparing for him now? Read "My Common Law Marriage," in December TRUE STORY for the gripping revelation of the events that followed.

STORY

DECEMBER

THE NEAREST NEWS STAND—15c

Shall I Divorce Him?

If You Are One of the Millions of Men and Women Who Are Considering Divorce - the Experience of Margaret Boutelier May Help You to Decide.



If you are considering divorce, let Margaret Boutelier tell you her experiences as a divorcée. It will interest you tremendously and it may have a profound influence on your eventual decision.

When she married Eric Boutelier Margaret was very much in love. At first, in the glory of her love, his imperfections failed to register upon her consciousness. Later, as the novelty of marriage wore off, she realized that he was far from perfect. And still later she regretted bitterly that she had ever sacrificed her freedom for a man she felt was not worthy of the sacrifice.

The result was that, just as in the case of seventeen out of every hundred marriages, the Bouteliers secured a divorce and went their separate ways in search of happiness.

And now, years later, Margaret tells her experiences as a divorcée for the benefit of the millions of other men and women who, openly or secretly, look upon divorce as the solution of their gravest problem. Fearlessly, frankly, she bares her life, step by step from the night of her big "Liberty party" held immediately after her divorce was granted till today when, in the fullness of her years, she gazes at the world through disillusioned eyes.

Was the "freedom" she regained worth the price she paid to get it? And was it freedom after all? Did she find the happiness she sought? What of the two sweet children whose family life was torn apart? What of a hundred other things she failed to consider beforehand but which demanded consideration later? It's all a tremendous question worthy of long and careful thought.

Whether or not divorce is in your mind, read her story by all means. Not an argument for or against divorce but a powerfully impressive, deeply absorbing story by a normal woman who went through the divorce mill and who thinks that perhaps she personally made a mistake, it is perhaps the clearest, most convincing discussion of the problems attendant upon divorce that has yet been put in print. You will find it on page 24, *Physical Culture* for December—now on sale.

What Physical Culture Stands For

"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sun, shine and diet.

"For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the commonsense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself.—Bernarr Macfadden.

Contents of the December Issue

Editorial by Bernarr Macfadden—Building Honesty Patterns in Our Children by Mary A. Bonquet—My Adventures with a Bad Heart by Russell Coryell—And Now the Sun Shines Every Night by David Arnold Balch—Divorce, My Big Mistake, Anonymous—Care of the Eyes by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—My Fifty Years of Physical Culture by Bernarr Macfadden—I Married a Younger Man, Anonymous—Arthritis, the Devil's Torment by Charles A. Clinton, M.D.—What Our Young People Think About Petting by One of Them—My Starved Womanhood, Anonymous—The Body Beautiful—Young Sandow's Own Story by Adolph E. Nordquest—Baby Pictorial—My Child Has Such a Temper—Have You A Truth Mirror by Carol Cameron—Body Building at the P. C. Convention by Wainwright Evans—How To Choose Your Exercises by Samuel Edwin Olmstead—The New Law Will Enforce Food Standards Says T. Swann Harding—Here's a Better Holiday Dinner by Jane Randolph—How Much Bran by Milo Hastings—Foods that Lengthen Life and many other helpful features and departments.

Physical Culture

The Personal Problem Magazine

DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS, 15¢

CLEAN OUT YOUR KIDNEYS

Win Back Your Pep

Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.



A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity,

you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



New York Doctor Praises Cystex

Dr. N. T. Abdou
New York Physician

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance Dr. N. T. Abdou, New York, Licensed Physician and author of Medicine and Commerce, recently wrote the following letter:

"It has been my pleasure to make a study of the Cystex formula. This prescription impresses me as a sound combination of ingredients which should be of benefit to men and women troubled with night rising, putrefaction of the urine, aching back in the kidney region, painful joints or stiffness—due to insufficient activity of the kidneys or bladder. Such functional conditions often lead to indigestion, headaches, high blood pressure, rheumatic pains, lumbago and general exhaustion—and the use of Cystex in such cases should exert a very favorable influence. Within 15 minutes after taking Cystex the color of the urine is changed and the irritating excretions expelled."—Signed, N. T. Abdou, M. D.

Faded Home Decorations Made Just Like New

... JOHN HELD, Jr.,
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you how to save money
on Curtains, Drapes,
Table-Linens, etc., etc.



"WHAT makes a movie-actress a star? Personality! Writers describe it as 'color'.

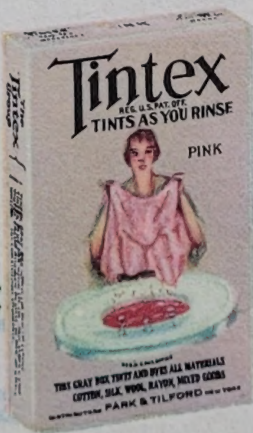
Rooms, too, can have personality. And here it is *actually* a question of color! Curtains and Drapes furnish the chief color-note for any room. If they are faded or drab, the entire room lacks charm and freshness.

Now, it isn't necessary to get extravagant and replace your faded home decorations. No indeed! Tintex will solve many of your color-problems for just a few cents—and a few minutes of your time. These famous Tints and Dyes quickly and easily restore original colors—or give different colors, if you wish—to all faded fabrics.

Start today—let Tintex make your faded curtains, drapes, table-linens, etc., as color-gay, as color-bright as the day you bought them!"



Don't hesitate to trust the flimsiest material to Tintex. It positively will not injure any fabric that water alone will not harm.



Everything in your wardrobe responds to the color-magic of Tintex. Use it for faded dresses, negligees, underthings, stockings, sweaters, coats, scarfs, etc. etc. Simple as A-B-C. No muss, no fuss—and Tintex never streaks or spots.



Paris Color-Fashions . . . You can keep up-to-the-minute in color with the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex Colors. Many of the season's newest colors will be found on the Tintex Color Card at your dealers. Others can be quickly and easily matched by combining two or more Tintex Colors. Buy Tintex—today—at drug and notion counters everywhere.

